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THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The formula or precept, which has been known for three-quarters of a century as the Monroe Doctrine, is contained in the message of December 2, 1823, sent to Congress by James Monroe, who was President of the United States from 1817 to 1825. This doctrine, which may be roughly described as a prohibition of European interference with the political arrangements of the Western Hemisphere, embodies the political faith of the people of the United States. It stands altogether outside the domain of party; to whatever political denomination a man may belong, he is bound to announce himself as an uncompromising upholder of the principles of Monroe. It is true that these principles, which in subtle and skilful hands have been made to lead to various and even contradictory conclusions, are not understood by the average citizen, or even by those of more than ordinary capacity. There is no necessity for any examination of their meaning; and no room for either argument or doubt. They may be summed up in a few words which are clear even to the meanest intelligence. "America for the Americans" the ordinary citizen would put forward as his idea of the sum and substance of the Monroe Doc-

trine. He would mean in reality "America for the United States."

The main difficulty which confronts any person who attempts a concise account of the origin and development of the Doctrine is the large amount of literature which exists upon the subject. This consists of the wordy explanations of statesmen who have desired under cover of its principles to support a weak position, or of political essayists who, without attempting to examine its foundations in reason or in law, are lavish in their panegyrics of its beneficent results. That it has ever been of any real advantage to the United States is certainly a matter for debate, and open to serious doubt: that it is liable to involve them in grave complications with European Powers, and even to bring about a war in which the rest of Europe would sympathize with the European belligerent, is very far from improbable.

It has been frequently asserted that the Monroe Doctrine is of English origin, and the statement, though questioned by various writers, would seem to be substantially correct. The truth is, that the idea had for some time previously been germinating in the American mind. It had been growing unconsciously with the consciousness

of their increasing strength and influence, but had not yet found any definite expression. The soil had for some years past been undergoing preparation: the occasion for the sowing of the seed was suggested by a British statesman.

Some hint or foreshadowing of the Doctrine may be found in that remarkable document which is known as Washington's Farewell Address to the American People. In it he had advised his fellow-countrymen to avoid entangling alliances with Europe. If Americans were not to concern themselves with European affairs, it was an easy transition to the doctrine that they were as far as possible to keep America for themselves. A further development took place in 1810, shortly after the accession of Madison to the Presidential Chair. Spain being absolutely powerless at that time, it seemed to the United States a fitting moment for asserting that the seizure of West Florida, on the ground of self-defence, was necessary in their interests. The President sent a confidential message to Congress advising the temporary annexation of this district, and recommended a declaration that the United States could not "see without serious inquietude any part of a neighboring territory, in which they have, in different respects, so deep and just a concern, pass from the hands of Spain into those of any other foreign Power." As the result of a series of secret discussions, the policy recommended by the President was adopted, and an Act was passed for the occupation of West Florida.

In the early part of 1823 the Holy Alliance, or the combination of the four great Continental Powers organized by the Emperor Alexander I., notified Great Britain that as soon as France should have crushed the popular movement in Spain, and restored the Monarchy in the person of Ferdi-

nand VII., a Congress would be summoned for the purpose of putting an end to the Republican Governments in the revolted Spanish colonies of South America, which had been recognized by the United States but not by Great Britain. Canning, who had all along asserted the right of popular self-government, forthwith opened negotiations with Mr. Rush, the American Minister in London, with a view to counteracting the projects of the Alliance, by means of concerted action with the United States. He embodied his views in a confidential note which, according to his Private Secretary, contained the following propositions:—

The English Government, said Mr. Canning, had nothing to disguise on the subject.

1. It conceived the recovery of the Colonies by Spain to be hopeless.

2. It conceived the question of the recognition of them to be one of time and circumstances.

3. It was, however, by no means disposed to throw any impediment in the way of an arrangement between them and the Mother Country by amicable negotiation.

4. It aimed not at the possession of any portion of them for Great Britain.

5. And it could not see any part of them transferred to any other power with indifference.

If, said Mr. Canning, these views were shared by the United States, why should not the two Governments issue a joint declaration to that effect? The American Minister hesitated and temporized; he admitted that these statements substantially represented the views of his Government, but seemed to lack authority which should bind them. Finally, being further pressed by Canning, he made a bid for the recognition of the new Governments in South America, stating that if Great Britain would formally acknowledge the independence which by her own

confession the new States had substantially acquired, he would stand upon his general powers as Minister Plenipotentiary, and sign the proposed declaration. This was a tempting offer, and it is somewhat surprising that Canning, who had been so eager for united action, should have declined it. He indicated his reason in his reply of September 26, in which he undertook that Great Britain would, after a time, recognize the new Republics. Apparently, he was of opinion that the time had not arrived at which such recognition could justifiably be conceded, in accordance with the established rules of International Law.

This was undoubtedly the case, inasmuch as Spain had not yet abandoned the attempt to recover her colonies, and might reasonably have resented the premature recognition of their independence. If this is the true explanation of Canning's non-acceptance of Mr. Rush's offer, it is greatly to his credit that he failed at a point where the less scrupulous diplomacy of the United States would surely have succeeded. This concluded the negotiation between the Ministers in England. The scene now shifts to the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Rush had laid the whole correspondence before President Monroe, and it was submitted by him to Mr. Jefferson, one of the old statesmen of the War of Independence, who had been President from 1800 to 1809, and to Mr. Madison, his own immediate predecessor. Both these statesmen advised him to accept Mr. Canning's offer. Jefferson's reply is noteworthy in many respects. He described the question as the most momentous offered to his contemplation since that of Independence.

Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe. Our second, never to suffer Europe to meddle in

Cis-Atlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from Europe and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and distinct from that of Europe. . . . One nation, most of all, could disturb us in this pursuit: she now offers to lead, aid and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition we bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a Continent at one stroke. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one or all on earth, and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship. . . . But we have first to ask ourselves a question. Do we wish to acquire to our own confederacy any one or more of the Spanish provinces? I candidly confess that I have ever looked on Cuba as the most interesting addition which could ever be made to our system of States. The control which, with Florida Point, this island would give us over the Gulf of Mexico, and the countries and isthmus bordering on it, as well as all those whose waters flow into it, would fill up the measure of our political well-being.

Mr. Jefferson goes on to say that he is ready to abandon this dream of the acquisition of Cuba, with all its concomitant advantages, for peace and the friendship of England.

Not the least interesting point in this letter, which advised so strongly the acceptance of Mr. Canning's proposal, is the revelation that even then, three-quarters of a century ago, the United States were casting a covetous eye in the direction of the Pearl of the Antilles. The advice given to the President at any rate was clear: he was urged to make any sacrifice in order to pledge Great Britain to resist the Holy Alliance. Madison's answer was of the same import, though less decided in tone.

The Cabinet which discussed these proposals of Canning consisted of President Monroe, John Quincy Adams,

Secretary of State, who succeeded him in the Presidency, Calhoun, Secretary for War, Southard, Secretary for the Navy, and West, the Attorney-General. Monroe himself was of a cautious and hesitating disposition; the majority were rather disposed to take the advice of a statesman who carried such weight as Jefferson; but they were all impressed with the idea that England's opposition to the Holy Alliance was dictated more by a regard for her own interests than by a general love of the principles of liberty, which, it was assumed, could not exist except in a country enjoying a republican form of government. Adams, who was the one strong man of the Cabinet, stoutly opposed the policy of joining with England in a declaration, and maintained the necessity of preserving entire freedom of action. He succeeded in persuading the President to adopt his view, with the result that Jefferson's advice was discarded and the overtures of Canning were rejected. Accordingly the Presidential message, which was in all probability drafted by Adams, contained the following passages:—

In the wars of the European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. With the movements in this Hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. The difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments: and to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any por-

tion of this Hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere: but with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.

One more extract from the Presidential message completes the statement of the Monroe Doctrine. In its earlier part this passage occurs:—

The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power.

The enunciation of the message seems to have been received with general approval. In America it appeared that the threatened interference of the Holy Alliance with South American liberties had received a check, and the fact that Monroe had abandoned his habitual caution in favor of a bolder policy, commanded general satisfaction. It flattered their growing sense of self-importance, and seemed to assert for the United States their rightful position among the nations of the earth. Had it been a joint declaration it would have been less effective from this point of view. In England, too, no fault was found with the former portion of the message. The cause of the revolted colonies had many sympathizers here, and Canning, though he did not conceal his annoyance that his suggestion had been adopted, while his co-operation was refused, could

not but feel that it strengthened his hand enormously in resisting the Holy Alliance. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that the promulgation of the message gave the final blow to the unholy schemes of that misnamed combination.

But the second proposition—the prohibition to colonize—directed, as it was said, against Russian signs of encroachment in the north-west, roused considerable indignation in Great Britain. This feeling was expressed with so much vigor that the statesmen who had formulated the Doctrine began to feel somewhat alarmed at their own audacity. A discussion arose as to the meaning of the words, simple and clear as they appeared to be, and the result was that this portion of the Doctrine was watered down into a proposition of the most innocuous kind. The dispute between England and the United States as to the North-Western boundary was then pending, and in 1824 the Commissioners of both countries, as well as those of Russia, met for the purpose of discussing it. At this Conference the British Commissioners formally declared that Great Britain considered the whole of the unoccupied part of America as being open to her future settlements in like manner as theretofore.

In June, 1825, General Bolivar, the principal leader and the hero of the War of Liberation, proposed the holding at Panama of a Congress of the States which had detached themselves from Spain; Brazil, now separated from Portugal, though for different reasons, was asked to send representatives, and an invitation to attend the Congress was sent to the United States, which mentioned amongst the subjects for discussion "the manner in which all colonization of European Powers on the American Continent shall be resisted, and their interference in the present contest between

Spain and her former colonies prevented."

In May, 1824, the Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires, on the occasion of his official reception at Washington, had, while thanking the President for his support and recognition of the South American Governments, suggested a "concert of American Powers to sustain the general system of American Independence." This method of translating his message into action did not suit the cautious policy of Monroe, who gave no encouragement to the idea in his reply. More, however, was expected from Adams, who in 1825 succeeded to the Presidential chair, and when this invitation renewed the suggestion, Adams recommended its acceptance, and explained in a confidential message that the States represented at the Congress might mutually undertake to prevent the establishment of any future European colony each within its own borders.

The matter was referred to the Committee of the Senate on Foreign Relations, who, in their Report, severely criticised the Monroe Doctrine, and advised that the invitation should be refused. They were of opinion that "the United States ought not to take part in a Congress for the purpose of preventing further colonization. They were able to protect their own territories: and they would be unwise to guarantee the dominions of foreigners." Adams, however, induced the Senate to reject the Report of its own Committee, and in a further confidential message made a statement of his views, which is valuable as coming from the real author of the Monroe Doctrine. He thought that the exchange of views between the representatives of the various States at the Congress would at any rate be harmless, and might be useful; and with regard to any binding contract he used these words: "Our views would extend

no further than to a mutual pledge of the parties to the compact, to maintain the principle in application to its own territory, and to permit no colonial lodgments or establishments of European jurisdiction upon its own soil." This seemed to be in the nature of a retreat from the bolder position taken in the message of Monroe. The Congress was, however, a failure; a few only of the South American States sent representatives; of the two despatched by the United States, one died on the journey, and when the other reached Panama, he found that the Congress had broken up, and that its members had disappeared.

The early enthusiasm for the Doctrine had thus died away, and during nearly twenty years after the Panama Congress it almost slumbered in peace. It will be remembered that Mexico—the ancient kingdom of Montezuma—was one of the States which in the second decade of the century had revolted from Spain and established a republican form of government. In 1830 Texas, which formed a large portion of the Mexican territory, revolted in its turn; and in 1836, after a six years' contest, it formally proclaimed its independence. Dreading, however, a protracted struggle and the vengeance of the Mexican armies, the Texans offered their country to the United States, and proposed incorporation in the Union. Among those who took part in the discussion of this offer was William Ellery Channing, one of the most distinguished of American divines. In a letter addressed to Clay, the Secretary of State, he stoutly maintained that the annexation of Texas would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, as being an undue interference with the right of the Republics which had replaced the Spanish colonies.

The United States Senate apparently adopted this view, for in 1838 it re-

jected a proposal for the annexation brought forward by a representative of South Carolina. It would appear that the Southern States, which supported slavery, were anxious for the annexation on the ground that the territory might otherwise fall into the hands of a European Power, in which case that institution would be doomed. They, too, used the Monroe Doctrine in support of their view, and thus its authority was claimed by the two parties in support of contradictory opinions.

After some years' discussion the annexation policy was adopted, and Polk was elected President to carry out the mandate of the people. The French Foreign Minister, M. Guizot, had expressed an opinion that the acquisition of Texas would disturb the balance of power in America; and England at that time was pressing her demand for the settlement of the North-Western boundary, and for the acknowledgment of her title to large territories in that direction. The new President quoted Monroe's authority in opposition to these views. He denounced European interference with American affairs. "We must ever maintain the principle," he declared, "that the people of this continent alone have the right to decide their own destiny."

This shaft was directed against France: with regard to the British claim to the Oregon territory on the north-west, he again adopted, but with a noticeable deviation, the principle which condemned European colonization.

"This principle," he said, "will apply with greatly increased force, should any European Power attempt to establish any new Colony in North America. . . . It should be distinctly announced to the world as our settled policy that no future European Colony or Dominion shall with our consent be planted or established on any part of the North American Continent."

It is clear that this statement, while it enlarges the scope of the Doctrine, greatly limits the area over which its operation is to extend. The use of the word "dominion" seems to forbid the transfer by one European Power to another of any part of its territories in North America, and the United States are pledged to resist such transfer, as well as an attempt to establish a new colony; but North America alone is mentioned. All responsibility for the southern portion of the Hemisphere is ignored. The practice was thus established of claiming the authority of Monroe for any deduction which the President, as the expositor of the people's will, might draw, rightly or wrongly, from the principles of 1823.

In 1870 President Grant carried the process of development a little farther. He conceived the idea of incorporating the Republic of Hayti or St. Domingo in the United States, with a view to the development of civilization and the extirpation of slavery. The Doctrine was again requisitioned and made to do duty for this purpose. It was deemed to be necessary to annex the island for fear it might be taken by some European State. "The Yankees," says Monsieur Céspedes in his interesting treatise, "have a very original fashion of applying the Monroe Doctrine, *i.e.*, according as the circumstances may demand, and as it may suit their convenience." But the House of Representatives refused, though only by 108 votes against 76, to assent to this amazing advance upon the original Doctrine.

Between 1840 and 1850 the question of the union of the Atlantic and the Pacific by an inter-oceanic canal and the control of the water-way had come into prominence. It was rumored in the States that Great Britain had seized territory in Central America which would give her the control of

the canal across the Isthmus, and also that she had annexed Spanish Guiana. The Executive, however, when called upon to vindicate the Monroe Doctrine, disclaimed any wish "to regulate all the affairs of the Continent, so far as regards Europeans." "With the sovereign rights of other nations," said the Secretary of State, "Monroe assumed no right to interfere. Such an assumption would have been equally obtrusive and ineffectual."

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is notable as a marked exception to the rule that the United States will not enter into any alliance or arrangement with a European Power for the settlement of questions affecting American interests only. In defiance of this fundamental principle, the Treaty provided for the complete neutralization of the proposed canal and declared that neither Government would ever erect any fortifications commanding the same, or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or exercise any dominion over, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America.

This canal, which a company had already been formed to construct, was never made. A dispute immediately arose as to the construction of the Treaty; the United States insisted that the British were bound under the Treaty to abandon a Protectorate which they had already exercised over the Mosquito Indians. After some years of persistent pressure the British Government thought it easier to make the concession than to allow the friction to continue. They received nothing in return for this abatement of their claims.

In 1881 Mr. Secretary Blaine commenced negotiations with a view to the complete abrogation of the Treaty. After twenty years of what may fairly be styled diplomatic persecution, the British Government consented to this abrogation, again receiving nothing in

return. These matters are mentioned for the purpose only of showing that in our dealings with Brother Jonathan we generally come off second best.

The next transaction which requires notice is the French intervention in Mexico. It is a curious and interesting circumstance that in this case, which presented far the most glaring violation of the Monroe Doctrine ever perpetrated by a European Power, the name of Monroe was never once mentioned in the communications addressed to France by the United States. The facts are simple. In 1861 Great Britain, France, and Spain, who were jointly prosecuting certain claims against Mexico, agreed not to seek to acquire for themselves, while employing coercive measures, any territory or any special advantage, nor to exercise any influence upon Mexican affairs which might affect the right of the Mexican nation freely to choose and establish its own form of government. Great Britain and Spain withdrew when their claims were satisfied; but the French troops remained, and the Emperor Napoleon induced the Archduke Maximilian, brother of the Austrian Emperor, to accept the imperial crown of Mexico. His designs were revealed in a letter written in 1862 to General Forey, in which he stated that France proposed:—

- (1) To prevent the absorption by the United States of this part of America.
- (2) To prevent their monopoly of the commerce of the North-American Continent.
- (3) To re-establish in America the prestige of the Latin Race.
- (4) To increase French influence by means of a Government more sympathetic with her interests.

While the United States were engaged in their Civil War, i.e., from 1861 to 1865, the tone of their diplomatic communications was much less

aggressive than usual; but in December, 1865, notice was given to France that their friendship must terminate unless France could "deem it consistent with her interest and honor to desist from the prosecution of armed intervention in Mexico to overthrow the Republican Government existing there, and to establish a foreign monarchy upon its ruins." Not long after the French troops were withdrawn, and Maximilian was left to his fate. How far other reasons, apart from the expression of opinion by the United States Government, may have influenced the French Emperor in his abandonment of the enterprise, may be left an open question. His compliance with the demand has been quoted by Mr. Hannis Taylor, the latest American writer upon International Law, as an admission by France that the Monroe Doctrine is entitled to take its place as a recognized portion of the Law of Nations.

It was only natural that, as the United States felt their strength increasing, their statesmen should exhibit some anxiety, not only to extend their borders, but also to exercise a certain control and influence over the districts which they did not rule. In 1852, when France and England proposed that the United States should join with them in guaranteeing the possession of Cuba to Spain, they absolutely refused, declaring their resolve to avoid European Alliances. The question, they said, was American, and while they had no designs on Cuba, they would continue to oppose any attempt on the part of Spain to transfer the island to any European Power. The reply of the European Powers asserted their interests in the question, and in the preservation of life and property on the island, of which American freebooters had endangered the security. They therefore would maintain their liberty of action and

intervene as these interests might require.

What follows will be more easily understood if the fact is grasped that at this time the growing ambition of the States aimed at complete supremacy over the northern portion of the continent, as the result of the withdrawal of all the European Powers who held territory there. Under these circumstances it was only natural that they should object to the transfer of Cuba, which, as we have seen, they had long coveted, and the possession of which would, as Mr. Jefferson said, "fill up the measure of their political well-being," from a weak Power such as Spain to one of the stronger nations of Europe. Spain had at this time and more than once before been approached with a view to the purchase of the island; but the proud Spaniard had always refused somewhat scornfully to exchange for filthy lucre the fairest portion of his heritage in the western seas.

After the close of the Civil War in 1865, these semi-Imperialist views began again to find expression. In the following year the House of Representatives actually considered a Bill for the eventual annexation of the whole continent north of their own borders. If the Spanish Parliament were to consider a Bill for the future annexation of Portugal the position would be to some extent analogous. The reply to this was the British North American Act of 1867, which united into the Dominion of Canada the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. This was a severe blow to the progress of the Monroe Doctrine; but it was too clearly within our rights to form the ground of a legitimate grievance, and the House of Representatives could only pass resolutions setting forth their dissatisfaction with the extension of the monarchical sys-

tem, which contravened so decisively their long and steadfastly cherished principles.

For some years after this disaster the Monroe Doctrine rested in peace; but with the accession of President Garfield it was again waked to life. It was brought to bear upon the question of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and it has been shown how within the last few months Great Britain has abandoned the rights thereby acquired. Its latest and most important phase was revealed in 1895, when, in the hands of President Cleveland and Mr. Olney, the Doctrine underwent a development which would have astounded its originators. There is no necessity for going into the particulars of the long-standing boundary dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain. The United States, who for years back have posed as the apostles of arbitration, had offered their mediation to settle the quarrel, and had also pressed Great Britain to appoint an arbitrator. This the British Government had for sufficient reasons refused to do. Down to this time, in every case in which claims had been founded on the principles of Monroe, the interests or the security of the United States had been supposed to be affected. In this case the territory in question was in South America, and nearly two thousand miles from the nearest possession of the United States. President Polk had, as we have seen, strictly limited the Doctrine to the northern portion of the continent, and the action of Great Britain in South America, in the matter of Uruguay and of the Falkland Islands, as well as that of France and Spain on various occasions as against other States, had frequently contradicted any idea of a United States Protectorate over the South American Republics. Accordingly the interests of the United States were in no wise affected; nor is it to be supposed that

they were specially interested in withdrawing the territory in question from a stable British Government and making it over to a State which enjoys a revolution, with a collapse of all law and order, every few years. Whether it was meant as a move in the political game, which is not improbable, or a sudden enthusiasm for the principle of arbitration, as supposed by Mr. H. Norman, M.P., then a specially commissioned correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* at Washington, may be left an open question.

Mr. Olney's despatch was dated the 20th of July, 1895. It is not necessary to examine the argument of this long-winded document, in which he strove to maintain an untenable position, nor again to set out Lord Salisbury's unanswerable reply, in which he explained once more the elementary principles of this branch of International Law, which forbid interference of a third country in a quarrel, unless that country's interests are endangered or seriously prejudiced by the action of one or the other of the litigants. Mr. Olney's despatch demanded an answer to the question whether Great Britain would refer the matter to arbitration or not. In the latter case he asked for an answer at an early date, in order that the President might lay the whole matter before Congress in his next annual message. Lord Salisbury's reply was in the negative. What happened then was what has often happened before. The side which had been defeated in argument resorted to a threat of force. The President, in his message, without attempting to reply to Lord Salisbury's argument, asked for a vote to supply the expenses of a Commission which should ascertain the rights as to the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. "On receipt of their Report it will be," said he, "the duty of the United States to resist by all means, as a premeditated

attack upon their rights and interests, the usurpation of any territory by Great Britain, or of jurisdiction over any territory which, after due investigation, we have determined to belong to Venezuela."

This, which was in fact a declaration of war in anticipation, has been rightly called the most astounding proposal that has ever been advanced by any government in time of peace, since the days of Napoleon. It created a financial panic in New York, and much bewilderment in Great Britain; and it met with universal condemnation in the European Press, not as a general rule too favorably disposed towards England. If an unjust and causeless war is the greatest of crimes, then the Government of the United States put themselves in the position of persons threatening to commit such a crime; and, though some protested, it is clear that at the moment the whole body of the people were ready to go to war in defence of the so-called principles of Monroe, which Monroe himself would have repudiated, which Polk had expressly disclaimed, and which none of them understood. There are moments at which a nation loses its head, and this was one of them. "What hypocrisy this is," said a distinguished American to his neighbor at a dinner-party in London, after the usual speeches expressive of friendship and brotherly love had been made. "Why, it is well known that we are bolting to go to war." "With whom?" said the innocent Englishman. "With you, for choice," replied the other: "and if not, with the first people we can find who will fight." The late revelations as to the commencement of the Spanish War show how near this was to the truth. It is now known to the public that when the United States declared war, Spain had substantially conceded their demands. But it was no secret to the careful student of international affairs,

for the whole story is told in detail in a series of articles written by a distinguished Spanish jurist, the Marquis d'Olivart—a deputy to the Spanish Cortes—and published in the *Revue Generale de Droit International Public*, in 1897, 1898, and 1900.

This, however, is a digression. The United States were saved from the crime which they threatened to commit by the concession of the British Government, who agreed to arbitrate, when the alternative offered was war. The result of the arbitration was satisfactory to Great Britain, her views on the whole being supported. This, however, was of small consequence. It may have been a fortunate thing that Lord Salisbury ate the leek; for even then the clouds were beginning to gather and to darken in South Africa. But, not to speak of the conduct of the United States, which was indefensible, he established a precedent of the worst kind, by conceding to a threat of war a point upon which he had been entirely successful in argument. Moreover, the American Commission must have taken not less than a year to furnish its report, and by that time the enthusiasm would have cooled—such emotions in a State cannot be revived. If, as the result of this Commission, the Americans had declared war, the consensus of opinion of the whole civilized world would have been against them. I say this advisedly, for, apart from the merits, it is the interest of the whole civilized world to resist an insolent and extravagant claim.

There was, as is well known, a strong war party in the States at this time, and they at last succeeded. It may be noticed that a war party is generally composed of individuals who are not going to do any of the fighting themselves. At their instigation the crime from which the British Government had saved the States was com-

mitted. The Monroe Doctrine was once more invoked. It probably reached high-water mark in the amazing distortion contained in a Report of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, issued in 1898, when the Cuban question was nearing its crisis.

"We cannot consent," said the Report, "upon any conditions, that the depopulated portions of Cuba shall be recolonized by Spain any more than she should be allowed to found a new colony in any part of this Hemisphere or islands thereof."

Two more points require notice—the first is, what is the relation of this Doctrine to International Law. The answer is simple—it has no relation to it whatsoever. The rules of International Law are founded upon the agreement of nations, either expressed directly, as in the case of the Declaration of Paris of 1856, or to be inferred from their established practice. No municipal law or rule of policy laid down by any individual State can bind other nations. This Doctrine has not even the force of a Municipal Law. It is a mere declaration of the Executive. The attempts which have been made to give it legislative sanction have invariably failed. It is true that Great Britain has established a precedent against herself, but this is not binding on other nations, and various European jurists have expressly disclaimed it. When any matter worth fighting about presents itself, this precedent, being practically the result of duress, will justly be disregarded.

The whole incident was discussed in 1896 in the *Revue de Droit International* by the late M. Arthur Desjardins, who severely condemns the American methods of propagating the principles of arbitration.

On s'amusait à dire, en 1793: "la fraternité . . . ou la mort." Mettre aux gens le couteau sur la gorge pour leur

faire conclure un arbitrage, comme pour leur faire embrasser la fraternité, c'est le comble de l'inconséquence. On discrédite ainsi la plus noble des causes.

One point only remains—what may be expected to be the result of this Imperialist movement? It is clearly impossible that in this condition of the world's affairs any nation can presume to exclude other nations from a country which she does not control and for which she accepts no responsibility. The crowded countries of Europe are seeking an outlet for their surplus populations. Most of the world's surface has already been occupied. One vast and fertile territory still remains, large portions of which are yet virgin to the foot of man. This is South America, a country capable of supporting easily three hundred millions of people over and above its present occupants. Brazil in itself is larger than Europe, and this great dominion has only fourteen millions of inhabitants. The Argentine Republic, less populous than Belgium, has enough of fertile territory to support one hundred millions. The smaller Republics, too, such as Venezuela and Colombia, as

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yet only half explored, are larger than most European monarchies. It is certain that within the next half-century many subjects of European nations will settle in these regions, and when friction arises between them and the so-called Governments, the story of the Uitlanders will be repeated. It is not likely that Germany will do less for her subjects than England has done in South Africa, against a far stronger and more determined foe. What will the United States do then? Will they continue to assert the new Monroe Doctrine, the antithesis rather than the legitimate development of the original, or will they forbear? Meanwhile the abandonment of the isolation recommended by Washington and Jefferson is bearing its natural fruit. The difficulty they experienced in overcoming a fourth-rate Power like Spain, and their failure to reduce the Guerillas of the Philippines, have shown what the New Policy requires—a vast increase in their army and navy, and a submission to the corresponding burdens and obligations, in the absence of which, hitherto, they with good reason have rejoiced.

H. Brougham Leech.

RELIGION IN OXFORD.*

"Who is the great influence in Oxford?" the present writer was asked by a distinguished stranger not so long ago. The stranger explained further that he meant by his question, who now holds a position like that which Thomas Hill Green held at one time,

or like that which, in a still more distant past, was held by J. H. Newman. The answer had to be, and would still have to be, "There is no such influence in Oxford." There are some who bade fair to attain some such position who have left the University for "the great

* 1. "The Guardian," "Dearth of Candidates for Holy Orders," August 14, 1901, and the following six months.

2. "The Commonwealth." "Symposium" on the same subject, October, November, December, 1901.

3. "Contentio Veritatis." *Essays in Constructive Theology.* By Six Oxford Tutors. London: John Murray, 1902.

4. "Atonement and Personality." By R. C. Moberly, D.D. London: John Murray, 1901.

world"; some have been removed by death. But whatever the causes, there are no great influences in Oxford.

This is true of the whole University, but it is especially true of the only side of it with which this article will attempt to deal—the religious side.

What, then, is the aspect of the University of Oxford now as a place of religion? The question is appalling, and no one could give it a satisfactory answer. But it is not without value to institute from time to time a criticism of a work which, though it seems always the same to superficial observation, is always subject to infinite varieties of condition. Nor is the present an inopportune moment. Most readers of this Review will remember the discussions of last winter on the dearth of candidates for Holy Orders, and the criticisms which were passed in the course of them on the Universities. Still more recently the six Oxford Tutors have succeeded in giving in *Contentio Veritatis* a curiously accurate general impression of the mind of the young Oxford Churchman.

A university is a teaching institution, though many parents think the contrary. It is right, therefore, to consider first the teaching of religious subjects as part of the university course. The students of theology as a serious science are but few in Oxford. The number examined in the Theological Honors School has been, on the average of the last five years, thirty-four, the average of these years in the Final School of Literae Humaniores (Greats) being 144, in that of Modern History, 132. To put the statistics in another way, the Theological Honor students in the same years were not quite 8 per cent. of the Honor students of the University. It is, therefore, not wonderful if the lectures delivered for that school do not have a great influence on the mass of the Undergraduates. But the teachers of any subject (how-

ever small a number of students it attracts) may exercise an influence by their own distinction and the fame of their work. This ought to be especially the case in theology, where in most cases pulpits are at the disposal of the teachers as well as lecture-rooms. The example of Dr. Pusey will suffice to illustrate this point. The University is not without distinguished students among the heads of the faculty of Theology. Nor are the leaders in theological studies without a following of younger men among the teachers. Dr. Driver, whose distinction as a Hebraist it would be impertinent to appraise, has round him a circle of younger men doing good work in Old Testament studies. The reader may have seen such books as Mr. C. F. Burney's *Outlines of Old Testament Theology*. Dr. Cheyne's European and American reputation may be set off against the incredulity of his countrymen. Dr. Sanday's work in New Testament criticism again is both of indisputable quality itself, and attracts interest and co-operation among his juniors. There are liturgiologists, too, in Oxford, like Mr. Brightman and Mr. Wilson, of quite first-class merit. But these subjects so admirably represented do not and cannot touch the religion of the mass of undergraduates, or, in fact, of any mass of men. Ecclesiastical History could hardly have been better represented than by Dr. Bright and Mr. Turner; but the latter is not in Orders, the former's utterance made him practically ineffective in the pulpit, while it is as yet too early to write anything of the influence of his successor. The part of scientific theology which influences the mass of men most is after all dogmatics. But there is no organization of the study of dogmatic theology in Oxford. The meeting ground of Philosophy and Theology is after all the ground on which most of the religious battles which employ in-

tellectual forces are fought and won. Religion cannot be strong in a university except there are in it great theological philosophers or philosophical theologians. But the present Oxford theological faculty, or, in other words, the staff of lecturers for the School of Theology, does not contribute much in that direction to the assistance of the undergraduate with doubts. The Faculty itself believes in Dr. Moberly, and he is, no doubt, the outstanding person within it. No one who has read the report of the conference on Priesthood and Sacrifice can doubt that. But let anyone take his justly praised book, *Atonement and Personality*, and put it into the hands of a young man not trained in the habit of thinking as a Churchman thinks, or intolerant of the technicalities of theological and devotional literature, and he will almost certainly find it laid aside after a few pages. Dr. Moberly may be a theologian's theologian; his methods of thought and expression separate him by continents and oceans from modern men trained in other sciences. One among the younger lecturers on dogmatic subjects deserves a special notice. Mr. W. R. Inge has written a really first-rate set of Bampton lectures, and he has proved himself the most original and, for the generality of readers, the most interesting of the authors of *Contentio Veritatis*. There are two primary qualifications for a religious teacher of young men: a deep and apparent personal concern with religion as the foundation of life and the most enthralling subject of thought, and the capacity for a sympathetic understanding of the differing views of contemporaries. Mr. Inge has both these qualifications, and we hope for much from him if the work of a Classical Tutorship does not make too great demands upon his time. There are great men in this subject of philosophical theology in Oxford who do

not lecture upon it for the school. Dr. Fairbairn is by profession a theologian, and he certainly exercises an influence from the pulpit of Mansfield Chapel and the lecture-room of that college, but it is chiefly upon the Nonconformists of Oxford. The Master of Balliol is by profession a philosopher: that is to say, the subject which he teaches in the University is Philosophy; but his St. Andrews Gifford lectures have moulded, and the Gifford Lectures which he has just delivered at Glasgow will doubtless mould, the views of not a few men who read modern books on theology. Among younger men Dr. Rashdall, who teaches, as his University work, Philosophy, has shown, in various excursions into dogmatic theology, that he lives in the modern world of thought and thinks in it with great power. It is unfortunate that both his writing and his speaking are marred by an odd vein of pugnacity, and that he injures his influence by needlessly exaggerating the differences between his own and a more conventional theology.

It must be repeated again and again till people believe it, that where there are intellectual doubts at all in this generation of young men, they are doubts about fundamentals. In the matter of the study of theology the great need of the University is that more men of real distinction should give themselves to the metaphysics of theology as their only, or at least their first, interest.

But the typical British parent will inevitably consider that his son will never be influenced by the teaching of the greatly learned on the deeper subjects, whether delivered in lecture-room or pulpit, or published in books. It will, therefore, be our next endeavor to try to set before the reader the general theological and religious teaching which befalls the ordinary man at Oxford.

It should be first recorded that every undergraduate who has not religious objections to the subject, is obliged to pass an examination in Holy Scripture before he can enter for any final school, *i.e.*, school qualifying for a degree. Its subjects are: one of the first three Gospels, the Gospel according to St. John, and either the Acts of the Apostles or one of the historical books of the Old Testament, such as Samuel or Kings. The papers are easy, and (with the exception of the translations from the Greek) most of the questions could be answered by a well-taught child of fourteen from a Sunday school. Yet failures are frequent in this examination: in fact, it is quite one chance in four that any given undergraduate will not pass it. This is the only opportunity offered by the University curriculum for official teaching in the ostensible religion of England. There is not much use made of this opportunity. Some colleges provide no lecturing or teaching on the subject of this examination. At many the pass-men (to whom the examination presents real difficulties) are more or less regularly coached or lectured in the books, the honor-men are not taken at all. If instruction is to be given to honor-men which will interest them, it will be superfluous for the examination. Meanwhile the getting-up of the books by the men among themselves is the occasion of much profanity. On the other hand, no teacher who has seriously attempted to teach the Gospels and the Acts, even with this examination ahead, but has found that he has been able to impart knowledge worth knowing, or awaken interest worth awakening in some at least of the men. Now consider the part which Christianity has played in the history of our country—consider the importance of that religion in the circumstances of the present day—is there any proportion between

these and the recognition which the University gives to the subject by this the sole examination in it generally obligatory on its members? Yet there is not so much wrong with the system. To choose the period of the birth of Christianity is right—from it the most galling of our controversies are absent, or at least they may be kept away from it by educated men who have learned an ideal of historical impartiality. It is right enough to exclude textual criticism, for only the trained classical honor-man could follow it, and he has too much of it in moderations. It is right enough to exclude the authenticity questions, for either they have been settled by experts, or will never be settled by any man. It is splendid to put aside things which may have made Sixth Form Greek Testament lessons burdensome and dreary, and say to the youth of England, "Take this book. It tells the story of the men who have had the most decisive influence of any upon the Western world. It is good evidence for that story. Read it once more, only as you have not read it formerly. Read it as a man reads a book he wishes to understand. Read it, and be able to give a rough account of what it contains in the way of history and in the way of ideas." To be able to say this with effect there must be a rearrangement of the examination. The object must be to make the knowledge demanded of those books of Holy Scripture equal in calibre to the knowledge demanded of the young man in other parts of his work. The pass-man may be left with a pass examination. The honors-man must have an examination to pass of an honors standard with questions of an honors type. No more for him of "Who were Joanna and Ananias?" or, "What happened at Bethesda?" But reasonably hard questions on the great points of the subject-matter which may be worthy

of his attention. Then there would be a call for good lecturing on the origins and the fundamental ideas of Christianity.

Why does not the British parent demand such a change? If he is pious and his boy is clever, surely it should be a matter of concern to him that the latter gets no regular teaching about all the foundations of his father's and mother's piety, while they are daily attacked in the magazines, and daily jested about by some, at least, of his contemporaries. But even if, unhappily, the parent is indifferent, or out of sympathy with religion, considering he pays for his boy's university education two or three hundred a year, might he not reasonably claim to have his son taught the history of the most widespread power in Europe, just as one of the essential factors in the situation?

There is one other principle about the official teaching of a minimum of religious knowledge to all professing Christians on which it is worth while to insist before quitting the subject. The work for this examination must not be allowed to be regarded as a piece of compulsory piety, but of necessary culture.

It is time to pass from the official teaching of religious subjects to the unofficial. On this topic it is natural to take first college chapels and parish churches, then to speak of the more general religious influences. Instruction from the pulpit is almost entirely confined to Sunday. It used to be provided in the morning sermons at the University church at 10.30. By this hour the college chapels were over, and at one time many colleges compelled their undergraduates to attend. Long after this compulsion ceased, the sermons were fairly well attended. They are scarcely attended by undergraduates at all now. Instead, there are good congregations almost always

at the 8.30 sermons, at which a very select number of preachers preach to members of the University only. Needless to say, these preachers are not chosen by University law or officials, but by private enterprise. There is a great deal more preaching in college chapels than was the custom even twenty years ago. Yet there is at least one college chapel in Oxford in which only one sermon has been preached in the last thirty years. The preaching in college chapels is done partly by the Fellows, partly by invited strangers. Most colleges compel attendance at chapel at least once each Sunday. What is the instruction given either in the 8.30 P.M. sermons or in college chapels? As a rule the 8.30 sermons are excellent examples of the single sermon. But a single sermon is fatally like a meteor or a rocket. It may raise your eyes heavenward; it may itself be of surpassing beauty; it may even startle the sleepy, the superstitious, or the ignorant, but it must be small and evanescent. The preacher knows that he must be intelligible at once, for there is no second chance for him. He cannot be re-read as a difficult chapter of a book: he is not taken down like a lecturer. He may console himself that brevity is the soul of wit: he soon finds that it is not the soul of instruction. It cramps his choice of subject, and nine times out of ten he solves his difficulties by resolving to make a moral appeal. Now the distinguished stranger may be forgiven if he yields to his conditions and abandons the attempt to instruct. But in the resident don preaching in his college chapel this is unpardonable. His opportunity is unrivalled. No children in the audience; no women but are there at their own peril; a homogeneity of age and very nearly of education; a similarity of conditions, and these intimately known to him. God forgive him if he will not try to instruct. There ought

to be many more courses preached in college chapels. Some colleges have old foundations for catechetical lectures; of these some have fallen into desuetude, some are still given. Even where there are no such lectures the recurrent sermons of a head or chaplain can be composed so as to make up an informal course. The courses ought to be on the most difficult subjects. The don objects that he does not know enough to preach them—no one does—and he thinks of the pleasant little sneers of his own common room over his mistakes. But he knows more than the undergraduates. They will not read, but they will talk even about the deepest things. Their doubts, as observed before, are about fundamentals. It is a thousand times better that they should hear even his discussion of the same problems than nothing but each other's crudities and levities and the smartnesses of the magazines. So the don must preach doctrine; and if the fear of criticism which paralyzes so much academical effort creeps over him, let him remember a few stern words about receiving glory of one another, or the calling of the master of the house Beelzebub, or let him remember encouraging words which tell who makes sufficient ministers of the New Testament; in short, that he is not a priest in Oxford to bow to Oxford fashion, but to be transformed himself and to aid in transforming Oxford.

But when it is said, "The don must preach doctrine," it must further be said how he must preach it. He must not preach sections of Pearson on the Creed, though he may have read that wonderful book with much profit for his ordination examination. He must preach as a man of the twentieth century to younger men of the twentieth century. These younger men have a keen scent for humbug, and are vehemently intolerant of it. The preacher

must call things by their names; he has no time and his audience no taste for subtle periphrases. He must know what the questions are which men want help to answer. The difficulties of the present generation are with fundamentals. Can God be known? Is prayer reasonable? or can it be supposed to alter anything? Was Jesus Christ more than man? If so, what is meant by calling Him God? In other words, what do you mean by the Incarnation? May I not take the whole of His moral teaching and leave the questions about His person? Is not sin really after all only imperfection? Is not the ordinary Christian's view of the Atonement blasphemous? Is not traditional Christian morality unscientific, obsolete, or at best partly invalid? Where there is intellectual difficulty, it is upon such subjects as these. Where there is moral collapse, it often takes refuge behind these intellectual difficulties. It is worth remembering that there is a certain amount, perhaps a large amount, of feeling abroad among young men that clergy are people who profess to believe a great deal more than they themselves actually do or any sane man can. Is it wonderful when the great questions so rarely come to public treatment by clergy?

Yet the wisdom of many older men says, "Preach as if there were no questions. It does great harm to raise doubts." But the younger would answer that in a college chapel the doubts are there before you, or if there are some who have never doubted, it is impossible for them to pass through life without either doubting themselves or having to hear (and heal?) the doubts of others.

The subjects of instruction, then, to which college preachers must address themselves are the fundamental truths of Christianity, and among these the most commonly doubted is the doctrine of the Person of Christ. Spite of all

shrinking it must be treated; but as they shrink the fearful and the reverent may imagine to themselves that through the lips of this rising generation there reaches them, the faithful of to-day, the question of Him whom they are bound to answer, "Whom say ye that I the Son of man am?"

If these are the subjects for instruction, what are some of the postulates of thought which the preacher must remember to be in his hearers' minds? They are such as these. That the Bible has to be judged and used as any other book; that the historical documents in it must be judged as historical documents; that it is a suspicious circumstance if a preacher rests an inference on a position rejected by current historical criticism (the results of which are widely though vaguely known); that, in fact, historical accuracy and intrinsic reasonableness, where either seems lacking to a passage in the Old or the New Testament, cannot be supplied by any theory of inspiration. That there is some good in all religions, and that Christianity is on its trial, and that the inquirer of this generation must not make or accept the assumption that it will turn out to be superior to Buddhism or a modernized Greek culture. That it is quite possible to be a gentleman, genial, honorable, active, and successful, without being religious; and that the few religious men who have all these qualities do not necessarily owe them to their religion: which is very near the idea well expressed in Sir A. Lyall's poem, "The West to the East":

"Fast and pray," said the sages of Ind:—

We know not what fasting and prayer may give;

For faiths are fleeting and words are wind—

The Gospel we bring you is "labor and live."

That science is certain; that where it comes into collision with religion, the latter must give way; that it is at least doubtful whether now that we know in science what certainty is, we can believe anything less certain. Where such postulates are untrue the preacher must address himself to the destruction of the untruth. But it is useless for him to attempt to start from other (it may be sounder) postulates. These and such as these are the postulates of average thinking in our day among the less uneducated classes. It is not meant that an average Oxford undergraduate could formulate any of these postulates. If he had the wit to state them, he would also have the wit to make short work of some of them, and modify others; but these statements are the analysis of the vague principles of thought which he inhales like an atmosphere.

It may seem that a disproportionate space has been spent on this subject of college preaching. But in the view of the present writer, it is the great blot on the religious provision of Oxford which can and may be removed without any change in machinery, and without setting human nature to tasks which it naturally deems impossible. It has therefore the importance which attaches to a piece of "practical politics." He is aware that many will object that the ordinary man is not troubled with doubts. The present Dean of Christ Church wrote more accurately in the Symposium in the *Commonwealth*, "Few men at the Universities have real articulate doubts." The ordinary man's doubts are inarticulate; they are atmospheric, numbing like a cold fog. He needs the more instruction because it takes him so long to get anything into his head—or out of it—and because he is so unused to thinking. The greatest mistake is to believe that a man between nineteen and twenty-three is what he will al-

ways be; on the contrary, he will change greatly; his circumstances will change, and alter him: he will very likely have children to teach; he must be taught for the future's sake. To say all this does not mean that no hortatory sermons are to be preached: they must be; and those alive with local and temporary color. But that is not ill done. Only it is of the utmost importance to exhort in the name of Christ. To preach Aristotle's *Ethics*, or the gentlemanliness of modern England, is to encourage men to believe that there is not a more excellent way in Christ.

As to instruction or spiritual advantage gained by attending churches in the city, few words will suffice. A number of undergraduates prefer to attend the churches as well as or instead of their own chapels. Some value more congregational services, others more pronounced ritual or teaching. It may be said with thankfulness that both the extreme schools are well represented in Oxford. As long as an undergraduate does not forget that he owes to his college chapel and college companions all the religious duties of membership in a congregation, there is no harm done; and if he does not get taught in college, how can his unteaching teachers complain that he seeks others?

One word may be added about the great choirs. There are not a few undergraduates who attend Magdalen Chapel as a musical treat. Yet not without spiritual benefit. The beauty which appealed to their ear has certainly made some tolerant of the religion which it seems to others to hide rather than to illustrate.

Next, it is natural to consider the more general religious influences which may touch an undergraduate. The most definite are certain centres of deliberate religious influence outside the colleges, among which the most im-

portant are the Pusey House, and the activities which centre round Wycliffe and Hannington Hall. No sane man should regret the presence of these unattached men of religion in Oxford. They are ready to give to those who know them the friendship and the counsel of men older and experienced in the troubles of souls. They are removed from the disciplinary complications of college life, but they are loyal in upholding the prior claims of college duty as against the distractions of religious self-indulgence. They are of great use to the enthusiastic and narrow-minded boy-partisan—more than he guesses. He accepts them as "very good Churchmen," or "real Catholics," or "out-and-out Christians" (none of which titles he is likely to concede to his dons), and therefore listens to them as sources of wisdom undefiled. He must be in a very parlous state if he does not go down from the University saner and more charitable than he came up. To another class of men they are also a great help—the men who come to religion by way of reaction. There are more Englishmen than one cares to think who have never seen a good and religious man who will consent to talk about religion. In all these ways there is much to be put down to the credit of these small groups of clergy. It is of interest to observe that the Romanists have adopted exactly this system for their undergraduates in Oxford (only, as is natural in the case of a small body, they succeed in binding together the Romanist undergraduates much closer than any other religious body binds theirs); and also that Mansfield College tends to become a somewhat similar religious centre for Dissenters, especially Scotch Presbyterians.

But to return to the Pusey House and to the Evangelical pastorate. What is the extent of their effect? The Evangelical influence in Oxford is very

limited in its range. It is chiefly organized through the Inter-collegiate Christian Union, a body which is undenominational, and which tends in most colleges to form a very small group of devoted but narrow-minded men, cutting themselves off from the rest of the undergraduates. This isolation has never been the fault of their clerical leaders. For proof of that it is only necessary to mention the names of the present Bishop of Liverpool, Mr. Grey, and Mr. Gibbon. These small groups foster much warmth of association. They get much hard practical work out of their members; some will teach Sunday schools, some will incur the charge of folly by preaching at the Martyrs' Memorial. All are really interested in foreign missions—a noble distinction. But their isolation from their contemporaries is a fact, and this means that the influence of Evangelicalism on the mass of Oxford undergraduates is almost nothing; and this is due to a want of humanity about the young Evangelical. Of course it is a real gain to have a man, however inhuman, living a straight and strenuous life in a college instead of living in slackness or disreputable ways; but one desiderates the infinite attractiveness of the Christ. The opposite in many ways is true of the opposite influence. It is wider spread, corresponding to the fashionableness of High Church views outside Oxford; it does not tend to exclusiveness, nor does it tend to cohesion or to much strenuousness in religion. The Oxford University Church Union (a body founded by the present Bishop of Stepney when Vicar of St. Mary's) is rather a soft and passive concern. But it must be remembered that that is primarily a union for intercession, and if people will intercede earnestly and unitedly, the Church often owes more to them than to great amounts of "practical work." Yet intercession it-

self should be a spur to energy and should strengthen backbones. The danger of the High Church undergraduate is a more or less languid aestheticism or a preoccupation about the trifles of passing controversy. But there are great numbers of them who are perfectly healthy specimens of Englishmen, working hard at athletics or books or both, not separated from their fellows by obtrusive differences in their interests, yet convinced that whatever power they possess to keep themselves or other people straight, they draw from their Lord through the communion of His Body and Blood.

While writing of the influences external to colleges exercised by clergymen of the two most opposite parties in the English Church, it was natural to anticipate a little and be led away into a subject which logically should follow—the state of the undergraduate mind towards religion. The two criticisms of the undergraduates of the extreme schools thus stand apart, connected with their most valued teachers. This is not without advantage, for the numerical proportion of such undergraduates to the total mass is still no large one. But before proceeding to the feelings of the mass, the other general religious influences of Oxford must be described.

What of the college tutor? He defies description. The lay tutor may be almost any sort of man, for some colleges in electing seem to draw no line, not even against persons who are obviously unsuited for their position. But in regard to religion it is important to remark that those who do not agree with the Church of England, or any Church, are uniformly courteous to their colleagues who do; there is a general tone of respect towards Christianity, and a feeling amongst the most "unsettled" (as the religious world would call them) that it is no business of theirs to unsettle undergraduates.

There is a feeling of irritation against ecclesiasticism, especially where it advances historically unwarrantable claims, or busies itself with making scores for the Church as if the Church were a political or even a municipal party. Further, there is no more valuable person in Oxford than the religious lay tutor if he would only speak out when a pupil wants it. It is pleasant to mention the dead and less invidious; let those who knew them remember Sir John Conroy or Mr. H. O. Wakeman, and thank God. As to the clerical tutors and chaplains, a striking change has come about in Oxford in the last twenty years. The survivors of the time when all or most Fellows were in Orders have become very few. More and more colleges have seen the number of clerical members of their staffs reduced to the minimum allowed by their statutes—often one or two. Some have been obliged, in order to satisfy their statutes, to make special elections to fill the place of theological tutor or chaplain Fellow. These circumstances seem to have begun to create a class of young Fellows whose *raison d'être* is to be clergymen in colleges. This development is not uniform, nor need it become general. There are cases, of course, of young men in Holy Orders employed for classical or other work and not as chaplains. But where it has happened, and still more if it becomes more general, it introduces a danger. It is the danger that lay tutors should cease to consider themselves to have moral and spiritual care of all their pupils, and should leave this most vital part of their business to their ordained colleague or colleagues. This would be disastrous.

The influence which has been or can be exercised by clerical Fellows differs greatly in quality and extent. It depends, like all personal influence, on the persons. It is therefore not suit-

able for discussion here. But there are certain principles which it may not be useless to state. The bane of all don-life is that it loses hold on the ordinary life of the country. The don lives with and for men between nineteen and twenty-three. He exhausts himself with the term's work; then he goes abroad or sits down by a golf-course for the vacation. He is interested in no town or village as a councillor or other officer of the place. He has no natural necessary intercourse with the poor. Unless he is married, he sees much less than others of ladies, and nothing of sick people. Consequently he becomes academical, impossibly insensitive to the proportions of common sense and common nonsense. Of course there are exceptions, but this is the drift of the development of the unmarried don. It need not be true of the married don; but then, unless his wife is a genius, he is but half a don. This airy abstractness of temper and existence, this citizenship of Cloudcuckootown, is dangerous to any one, but fatal to the clergyman. He must be impressed with the needs of the great surging, suffering England outside the University; he must make young men feel them; he must teach young men that where they are personally safe and not likely to be affected by either of two possible courses, the claims of citizenship may well decide the question. To him the great social questions must be real—the housing question, the purity question, the drink question; he has to prevent the day from being carried against the right, because the rising generation of the educated and the comparatively rich are triflers or ignorant. In this connection a real service has been done by Mr. J. Carter of the Pusey House and his colleagues in the Christian Social Union; they have been able to wake an interest in social questions among a number of under-

graduates of several generations, and keep it alive and real. Of course the influence of the settlements and college missions in East London has been great in this direction. But it is no use to say that the representatives of the settlements can do this work—it must be done by the resident dons also, for they can do it little by little, accidentally, without fuss, and just as men will listen. Again, if they do not do it, they are felt not to represent the Christian spirit just where no one contests its value. Next he must be able to speak to men privately face to face; he must know when to speak, no doubt—but it is oftener than most academical clergy think—and then he must *speak*. This needs the private life of devotion, which is not really more difficult to lead in Oxford than in a "well-worked parish"; but it also needs that quietness and confidence which comes of practice, of having spoken before to very various people of the grace and mercy of God, and noticed the effects. Specially he must have known older men intimately enough to be able to prophesy the young man's spiritual future. The result is probably this: the academic clergyman must spend some of his vacations in ministerial work which brings him into contact with all the circumstances absent from college life. This view is gaining ground in Oxford, but one still feels that there is a good deal of excuse for the suspicion of the young men that some of their clerical dons are "not real clergymen."

Put beside these influences for religion the influences which are against it. The University is a very efficient school of self-indulgence. Not that self-indulgence in any specific form exists in the University more than formerly; in some forms it is decidedly less prevalent. But self-indulgence in the most general sense seems almost the characteristic of the place. The responsi-

bility which bore heavily on the public school boy of eighteen is suddenly gone. The settled hours which left him little choice but to give a moderate part of his day to work are gone too. Where is the self-denial of his life? Many people find that they need do no more work or very little more work than they choose. They can sit up as long as they like at night; they need get up only a few mornings each week at all early. They are not held officially responsible for anybody else. Their games were never an exercise of self-denial, and in Oxford they can take, and do take, their pleasure in games to the point of surfeit. That is the first and great danger to religion, the atmosphere of self-indulgence. The second is the affectation of elegant indifference—"we learn at Oxford," as an undergraduate put it, "to do things with a graceful air of not caring about them." More important, perhaps, is a third, the prevalence of criticism of all traditional opinions; not that this is so much dangerous in itself, but it is made dangerous by the affectation of indifference to the issues. A fourth is the enormous tolerance, at least in word, of almost all diversities of moral practice. This springs from a healthy fear of priggishness and hypocrisy, but the weak take it for a weakness in public opinion. A fifth danger to faith, if not to religion in general, is the recollection of sermons heard in parish churches. Clergy complain of the want of educated candidates for Holy Orders. They have their own sermons to blame for that. Oh, parish priest, if you knew what others know of your young parishioners, you could not allow yourself not to study, or not to use your studies in your sermons. If you knew what schoolmasters and dons know, you would not wait for the Day of Judgment to be reminded that Sunday after Sunday there sat that clever boy in the squire's pew or your own,

and you never said a word to his need. Many dons who know young men best would say that the hardest experience of their work is to explain to a clever pupil what religion is to themselves, how they understand the Creed and the great doctrines, and then to be assured that all this would be quite possible to believe, but it is not the real thing: "That is not what is always being preached; that is not what the ordinary man means by Christianity." This is due to a certain formalism of presentation, sometimes mixed with error or obsolescence inexcusable. A sixth danger may be mentioned, the danger of reaction. A boy has been at one of the "definitely religious" schools. He has been stuffed with services regardless of his youth and its powers of endurance. The University sees the reaction. This is unnecessary. But there is reaction which is almost inevitable. This is the reaction against rules when first freedom is given. But it is the whole essence of the University to give the freedom.

Such are some of the dangers which beset the youth of the University. But the reader would wish to see a picture of the young men themselves, to get a clearer idea of the average men who are exposed to the dangers mentioned. Let us imagine for a moment that he is himself a parent; that he has come up to inquire about his sons, and that he goes and calls on Mr. Buckemup, the young clerical Fellow of his sons' college. It is not necessary to describe him further than to say that he has a way with him that seems to mean that there is no nonsense about him. Our more venerable readers must not expect from Mr. Buckemup the dignity of the antique don; and see, he begins on the borderland of rudeness:

"Excuse my saying it, but you ought not to need that I or any one should have to tell you about your boys. Every parent ought to be the natural per-

son for his or her boy to talk to about everything. You can't put off the responsibility on us whatever you pay us. But as you want to know about them, I hope I may assume that you mean to take some share of the responsibility on yourself. Well, your boy Harry. He's a very good chap; I like to have him in my room to talk to; he's a healthy, cheerful, clean-living boy. But how do you think he spends his time up here? Well, he doesn't begin the day very early; he gets up for Roll Call only when he's obliged to. Then he goes to a few lectures in the morning. Then he plays some game or other in the afternoon. He comes in and has a fat tea, buttered buns and so on, and after that he smokes and plays ping pong till dinner. Then he perhaps goes to a debating society before playing bridge; but anyhow, sooner or later, he plays bridge, and I think he usually plays pretty late. I don't know whether you know how much he loses at bridge or whether you can afford it." Perhaps the parent would interrupt Mr. Buckemup at this point, and ask, "Why doesn't the college stop bridge?" To which Mr. Buckemup rejoins, "Well, do you? Do you allow bridge to be played for money in your own house? Yes? I thought so. Then why shouldn't we? And, besides, if we went spying all about the college to see that the little boys weren't doing anything naughty in their rooms, when should we make men of them?" "Oh, but at home, of course, I can see that the stakes are reasonable." "I need not tell you that with the lowest stakes a good deal of money may change hands at bridge. And when you have woken up the gambling instinct in your boy, don't you think he is certain to play higher when he is not under your eye and with more reckless companions? I tell you, bridge is the devil. I'm certain of it. Look what royally good company he keeps. There's a friend of Harry's. His father is a country parson somewhere down in your country. It means a lot of self-denial for him to send the boy up here even with an exhibition. But he plays. And if he pays, he pays the money which has been provided by his father taking no holidays or his

sisters having no frocks to go out to parties in. And he is leaving his tradesmen's bills unpaid. And that means he'll start life with a stone round his neck. No, just think about that. Then, again, even in the case of your son who 'can afford,' you say, a reasonable amount of this kind of pleasure, what's the good of it? Doesn't it teach him to suppose he has a right to make pleasure for himself, and to spend a lot of money on himself? Doesn't it make him likely to find life intolerable without excitement? Well, remember what I say, bridge is the devil. But I didn't mean to talk so much about that. You want to know a little more about Harry. He isn't the least interested in his work, and he doesn't read any interesting books. He says he doesn't care for poetry, but it is only because he never tries to read any. I read him one or two things the other day, and he was quite surprised that there was anything so good in poetry. What does he think about religion and that sort of thing? When he first came up fresh from school, he used to come to the Holy Communion. Now he has given it up. He doesn't think he got much from it. He prefers to go to Roll Call instead of chapel on week days. He says he doesn't always feel inclined to say his prayers. He hasn't the ghost of an idea what he means to do after Oxford. The fact is he enjoys himself a great deal too much here to think about anything else for long together. I tell him he is preparing a bad time for himself later on, when he will have to settle his profession in a hurry. But the worst is, while he is in this mood, he may drift so easily into a much worse one. That sort of boy often goes from one kind of excitement to another. He gets into the habit of taking rather more wine than he had better take whenever he dines at one of the clubs; then he spends the evening in what they call a buffy state, not drunk, but very excited and a bit muddled with drink. One day he will go and make a nuisance of himself at the theatre, another he will come and shout about the College, and if that goes on long, it will become chronic; he will do it nearly every night. If he

is a gentleman and amusing in his cups, there will be no very strong public opinion against him among the sort of men whom Harry goes about with now, whose chief object is to have a good time up at the 'Varsity. Sometimes they do worse than this. Most of them would say—I'm sure Harry would say—'Oh, of course this will have to come to an end when we go down; even as it is, I can do without it all in the vacs.' Some of them do settle down wonderfully quickly when they leave Oxford; some of them can't get over the craving for excitement, and it plays the mischief with them. Your business and mine is to make them feel responsible while they are up here. But you see there's nothing Harry believes in or cares about just now that is to be trusted to hold him back. He lives for pleasure; what you call innocent pleasure, at present; and he excuses himself by saying to himself that it will be only for four years. And, if I may say so, you don't do what you might to help him. In the vacations what you do for him is to try to give him as good a time as you can; and if he tries to work, his sisters want him to take them about to balls or lawn-tennis parties, and you want him to go out shooting. But that's enough about him. His brother Dick is quite a different person. He's much stupider, but he works like a brick, though he does not think he gets much out of it. The sight of him working always makes me feel ashamed of myself. He's just as good as his brother at games—he's an awfully good captain, and a splendid fellow to get anything up that wants trouble and requires people to be managed. He comes to chapel; he's a regular communicant; but he doesn't talk about religion: for the life of me I don't know what he thinks about it all. But happily God is greater than my heart or his; He knows what is going on inside there. But I can see the outside. Dick isn't what you call a quiet man. He can make a row with the best. But he has never done any one harm in the place, and I know several instances where he's done a lot of good. He thinks this bridge-playing is rot and unsocial; that's something. But, of

course, he is no Puritan about it either. And there are one or two people I could name who might have gone to the devil right away but for Dick. Probably he hardly realizes that; I don't expect he said much. It's wonderful how different your boys both are from their cousin Tom. Of course, he is rather an abler man; he might have been a scholar so far as his wits are concerned; but after all he is not so much cleverer than Harry. Partly it was that he came across a really interesting schoolmaster. Well, he reads all sorts of books—he knows the English poets; he has even read some Ruskin—odd how few people read him compared with fifteen years ago!—and he would rather talk about anything than athletics. He rows all right and enjoys it, but when he comes up from the river he has had enough of it for the day. He has always been a keen politician, and is to be heard at the Union, and is secretary to one of the political clubs. He is really interesting to talk to on any subject." "Well, I suppose you talk to him on religion. Which of my sons is he most like in that?" "He is like neither. He reads everything and doubts everything. He admires the work of men like Father Dolling in the slums, and he is immensely attracted by the picture of our Lord's character drawn in *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*. But he does not know what to believe himself. You see he has heard such different things said by different people. His mother is a dear good woman, very active in good works, but having been brought up herself in the strictest sect of Evangelicalism, she seems to him to live in a world which, as he says, he can't by any possibility think himself into. Then he hears a clergyman who was suddenly called upon to celebrate for a dying person one afternoon, and did so, say that he intends next time he goes to confession to confess his non-fasting Communion as a deadly sin. There is another world which Tom can't think himself into. But the boy has sincerity and reverence, and good brains and a good heart, and he will find the truth one day. We are very impatient sometimes: after all, God has eternity to work in. But I see you

want to ask me a question." "Yes. One of my friends told me that his son told him he went one Sunday evening to a party in the junior common room of one of the colleges (I had thought it was rather a good college), where a good many of the young fellows got drunk and the entertainment chiefly consisted in singing regular music-hall songs. Does such a thing go on in many colleges in Oxford?" "No, I don't think it does. I hope if it began here we should be able to put our feet down pretty quickly, or that the better men would do so for themselves. It is no wonder if a boy's conscience gets knocked silly for a time when he allows himself, just after leaving a strict school or home, to go to such a party regularly as an ordinary piece of his college life." "Do you think the standard of public opinion about drunkenness is very low in the University?" "That's rather a difficult question to answer shortly. There is a very low standard about protesting against drunkenness. But you mustn't think that all the men who would think little and say nothing of another man for being drunk, would be equally ready to get drunk themselves. The bump suppers and boating wines are much less beastly than they were. The men have in many colleges got leave to dance after them; or in some other way invented something better to do than to get drunk. My experience is, on the whole, that teetotalism has diminished in the University, and so has drunkenness. But for all that there is enough drunkenness to be seen in Oxford absolutely to prevent the conversion of any Mohammedan who comes here." "What do you think, Mr. Buckemup, about this boating on Sundays? I don't much mind myself, but my wife would be very sad if she knew about it." "Well, I am all for saying to a young man: 'Make up your mind what is right, and do it; but don't just drift about according to fashion. And if you ask me for my opinion, it is this: Sunday is not the Sabbath; it is a Christian institution, Sunday. Your business is, and your pleasure ought to be, to go to church to worship God, and to read about your religion, as much as you profit-

ably can on that day. For the rest, do anything which helps you to do your duty. Only when you are choosing what to do, remember to be merciful to your servants.' There's an example for us, though not a commandment, in the words, 'that thy manservant and thy maidservant may rest as well as thou.' But I didn't mean to be beguiled into preaching. Well, good-bye! But you will remember, won't you, that I can't be your son's father?"

Enough of Mr. Buckemup and his jargon. The discerning reader will not fail to catch the points which Mr. Buckemup would impress on his collocutor. For instance, Mr. Buckemup obviously would say, and the present writer would agree, that the most important cause of the scarcity of candidates for Holy Orders is the "innocent" parental indulgence and self-indulgence of the young men of to-day.

The reader conversant with the University will perhaps complain that this article has presented him with no picture of the best kind of undergraduate. The complaint is just. The golden race is not extinct, but the present writer will not expose his admiration of it to the criticism of silver incredulity.

This article is to some extent an indictment of Oxford. But it had a deeper purpose. It was meant for a call to the power latent in Oxford and England to rise up to certain tasks. The first is to rethink and to restate the fundamental truths of Christianity. It may be that among the present generations of Oxford tutors some will be found willing and able. Every line of *Contentio Veritatis* witnesses to a consciousness of the urgency of this duty. It might well be prayed that a still younger band may gird themselves for the great struggle. The next task is to gain recognition for Christian thought as a necessary part of any curriculum of studies in the University, but especially of any studies philosophical or historical. If this is ever to

come about, it must be by abandoning the demand that Christianity is only to be taught in the form of "definite Church teaching." There is need of an ampler charity and a far more virile faith in the strength of truth. The third task is a new sincerity, profundity, and audacity of preaching, imaginatively modern and ancient, for the truth is modern as man who apprehends it and ancient as God whom it apprehends. The fourth task is the reform of academical teachers, which, indeed, they can only do for themselves. But this article has ventured to point out, with special reference, as it was an article on religion, to the clergy, the lines of reform, which some are already following, upon which there is good hope of real advance. Academical teachers need concernment and contact with life not academical, and practice in that unself-conscious sympathy with the souls of men, delicate in silence yet ready to speak, which belongs to the Redeemer. Lastly, there are the tasks which lie before those many who are birds of passage in Oxford, parents and young men. They have rather an incidental place in this article. Yet it cannot but appear that the writer is dissatisfied with what he thinks to be the opinions of many of them about the University. It lies with them much more than with the dons to reduce to sane proportions the interest in athletics. It lies with parents (learning from our failures in war and commerce if not from the sheer reason of the thing) to form a correct estimate of the value of the mind and the soul as well as of the body of man, and by habitual act and word to impress it on their children. And if any pious reader would add definiteness to his prayers for the youth of the Universities, let him pray that they may put off all aimlessness, irresponsibility, irresolution, and self-indulgence, that they may be inspired

with a love of learning new to the history of England, that out of all the conflicts of opinion they may find a firm faith, though it be with tears, and that

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they may begin, even in Oxford, to enlighten their citizenship of their country by practical care for their fellow-citizens.

A FRIEND OF NELSON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The next few days were, I think, the longest and most anxious that my life has known. Twenty times, I should imagine, I went over the itinerary by which I proposed to lead Lord Nelson, studying the thick coverts and the likely places for the conspirators to conceal themselves in the neighborhood of one especially fine oak grove that could not fail to attract his notice. Here, in my mind's eye, I rehearsed the scene a hundred times. It was hardly ever from my thoughts. Altogether I was most grateful when the first of the month at length arrived, and I might exchange anxiety for action. Very early in the morning I was down to the glen where I had directed the secret assembly of the smuggler's little company, and, to my great relief, found them punctually at the trysting-place. I repeat, to my relief, for I had been vexing myself with a thousand misgivings: the "arrant failure" would fail me once again, or some one of the thousand and one events in the chapter of accidents would befall to prevent the carrying out of the scheme as laid. In vain I had vexed myself. The four men were in waiting, two sleeping after their night's tramp—for they had walked a-foot from Uckfield—while two kept watch. They had seen nothing on their way of persons to arouse suspicion. They had brought provisions with them, according to arrange-

ment—for I did not wish anyone in the house to know of their coming—and were wanting only the word from me to move.

With my mind relieved upon that score I mounted horse a few hours later, and rode out as far as East Grinstead on the way to London, to meet Lord Nelson on the road. It was my design to tell him—but not until next morning (so that he should pass the night without disturbance)—of the peril that menaced him. Although I knew what his answer would be, I felt it would be but right to warn him of the plot on his life, and beg him take precautions to bring it to no avail. At the least, having told him, the chief of the responsibility would be removed from me. I would put myself as ever at his Lordship's orders.

Hour after hour I stood at the door of the Dorset Arms, the ostler growing weary of holding my horse in readiness, until his Lordship's carriage at length appeared, almost after I had ceased expecting it at all.

"You have been waiting, I fear," his Lordship said, shaking my hand cordially as the carriage stopped. "The distracted state of Europe must win your forgiveness for me. Listen to the day that I have had. But first I beg you come in beside me, and let us be driven together. My servant shall mount your horse." So saying he motioned the man to do in accord with his words.

"There are pistols loaded and primed in the holsters," I called to the man as he mounted.

Lord Nelson smiled. "Are you apprehending a boarding expedition?" he asked.

I smiled his question off. In point of fact I had hardly the least apprehension of attack as we went along; but it was well to be prepared for all hazards. I asked his Lordship what was the condition of public affairs of which he spoke.

"Why, at five o'clock this morning," said he, "who should call at Merton but Blackwood, just come on the *Euryalus* into Portsmouth—looked in on his way to London to say that Villeneuve has come into Cadiz with the allied fleets. Depend on it, I shall yet give Mr. Villeneuve a drubbing. So, then, I to London shortly after breakfast, and saw Mr. Pitt and the Naval Lords; and the long and short of it is that I have to hoist my flag again and be off to the Spanish coast within a week—ten days at latest. Mr. Pitt was good enough to speak most handsomely of my services, saying that the country could not do without Nelson in a naval crisis—so on—mighty handsome and flattering. But I had hoped for this winter at least at home; and now there will be no homecoming for me ever again."

"Ah, my Lord," I pleaded, "for the love of Heaven do not say such a thing as that."

Lord Nelson smiled, but he persisted. "I have the feeling in my bones. I have the second sight, as the Scotch say. This is going to be my last fight. God grant it be a victory—then I do not care, if it but make our country safe."

It made me inexpressibly sad to hear him speak in this strain, wherein he continued until we reached the level ground at Forest Row village. There I made excuse to mount my horse

again, while the servant resumed his seat in the carriage. At this point, if anywhere on our way, the attempt on Lord Nelson's life might be expected; but nothing transpired except grievous jolting of the chaise in our notorious Sussex ruts, and we arrived in safety at Buckhurst. Here Lord Nelson expressed his regrets to my Aunt Dorset that he could give but one night to this visit to her, by reason of the pressure of public affairs. "Indeed," said he, "had I not passed my word to this young fellow, your nephew here, I think I should have sent your Grace an express excusing myself from your kind hospitality and a sight of your grand oaks until a happier occasion."

My aunt spoke her regrets in return, but was too happy to have him there at all to say much of the disappointment at losing him so soon; and in a short time we were seated at dinner, where my mother and myself were the only guests, his Lordship having particularly requested that no party might be asked to meet him. My sister would join us in the withdrawing-room in the evening.

It was singularly interesting and charming to see the looks of mingled veneration and curiosity that the servants who waited at table bent upon the great Nelson. Certainly a red-letter day was marked in their lives; and I was just smiling to myself as I noticed the old butler's face, when a remark of my Aunt Dorset's arrested it, half formed, on my lips.

"Two men have been here this afternoon," she was saying; "Frenchmen, I make no doubt, by their talk, and speaking English only in a broken fashion, but bearing lace of the very finest I have ever seen. That it has paid no duty they as much as intimated. I have it set aside for your inspection," she said, turning to me; "and your Lordship, too, I think"—to Lord Nelson

—"would be pleased to see so fine a specimen."

Lord Nelson bowed, and courteously said he should be happy to examine it, while I asked: "And where are the men now? Are they gone again, leaving their precious goods?"

"They are here still. They begged a lodging in an outhouse for the night, and I have bid the steward see to their comfort in the bowling-green house. It is a warm night. They will be well there."

"Well enough," I said. "Did they come a-foot?"

"On horse, I am told, though I did not see them. On a horse a-piece and a led one with their pack."

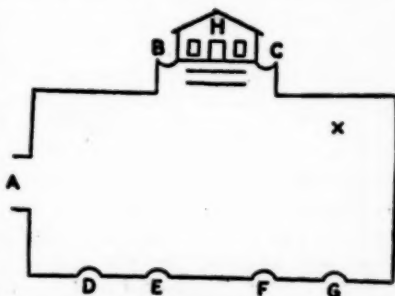
"It must have been a bulky pack of lace," I observed, "to need a led horse to carry it."

"You seem mighty curious about these men," my aunt said. "If you want to learn all about them you had better ask the steward, or, better still, go and see them for yourself."

I turned this off with a laugh, but thought it such remarkably good advice, none the less, that I acted on it almost to the letter. I had not the slightest doubt that these were the would-be murderers of Lord Nelson. The pretext under which they had made their appearance was a good and specious one. It was not so unusual a thing for smuggled goods, under little disguise, to be hawked round in this manner to the houses even of the highest, all deeming it something of a right good jest, and no disloyalty, to cheat the king of his revenues. To the steward, then, I went first, for this purpose—to learn where the fellows had disposed their horses, for it was a point, as I thought, that it greatly behoved us to know. I learned that they had preferred to hobble them and turn them out in the park below—that is, on the eastern side of the bowling-green. It was here, as it happened,

that they would be most readily convenient to the bowling-green house, and also to the road south and to the coast, if the so-called merchants should have occasion to take that road suddenly. Not a doubt was in my mind that these were our villains; and the third horse that they had brought proved to me with convincing clearness that there was with them a third actor in the company, who had not yet put in an appearance with the others.

I had excused myself, and left the table rather before dinner was concluded, that I might see the steward; and, that done, I purposed to myself to carry out the second item in my Aunt Dorset's programme of advice. But before I come to that I would wish to give a very particular description—which I will illustrate by a chart—of the bowling-green and the bowling-



green house at Buckhurst, the more so because the great yew hedges that were its walls and its chief glory are perishing fast of sheer old age, as one may guess, long-lived though the yews are, and in a few years' time it is likely that no trace of the old landmarks and channels will remain. The chart, after all, is not very intricate, and the understanding of it will make much easier the understanding of the events that happened on the bowling-green. It is to be realized that the green was surrounded entirely, with the exception of certain entrance spaces, by one of the most magnificently dense and tall

hedges of yew that I have even seen. It was of quadrangular shape, as shown by the chart. At A a broad path of turf led through the formal garden from the house. The ground on the side of the summer-house or shed, commonly known as the bowling-green house (H) sloped upwards rather steeply, so that the house stood above the level of the green, and a person of moderate stature at its door could see all that passed on the green. Some turfed steps led from the green up to the house, on either side of which archways, formed through the yews, gave access to the terrace before the door, and to the house itself and to the green. These archways were at the points marked B and C on the chart; and similar archways (D, E, F, and G) on the opposite side gave access to the green from the terraces sloping down to the wilder portion of the grounds and park. For the rest all was enclosed, as in a wall, by the opaque hedge of yew.

CHAPTER XXIX.

So soon as I had seen the steward, after slipping away thus early from the dinner-table, I made my way to the bowling-green by the main entrance, at A. Thence, passing quietly along the hedge opposite the bowling-house, I was able to perceive, by a flood of light that streamed from the open door, what was going forward within, while I myself remained practically invisible against the dark background of the yews. Two men were there, seated before a table, playing cards, with a continual running fire of ejaculations, mostly of the profane nature, in French, at the luck that befell them. I speculated on the whereabouts of the third man, whom I did not doubt to be in waiting, but wasted few moments in my wondering. What I had seen was sufficient for me. I

hesitated no longer. I had decided on my course. Time was the one thing precious for carrying out my scheme—time to put it in execution before it should please these rascal gamblers to put their cards away and betake themselves to sleep. Within two minutes I was out of the bowling-green, and away down the slope of the park to the *al fresco* encampment of my friends in the southward glen. In few words I put them into possession of my design. "Lord Nelson," I said, "in all likelihood will take a stroll upon the bowling-green. The ruffians hired for his assassination are in the house upon the green. It is impossible that they should miss so great an opportunity of making their attempt. The time has come to pipe to quarters—the work is now to do."

Very shortly I apprised them of the facts of the coming of these pseudo-lace-merchants, of the spot where their horses were hobbled, of my strong suspicion that a third conspirator, who had not yet appeared, was with them.

Therewith I led them silently to that archway in the yew fence that is marked G.

"Here you will wait," I said, in whispered tones, "and bide your time till the attack is made. Fear not to let them strike, for the dagger will find a shirt of mail beneath the coat."

"What!" asked the smuggler, in the same low tones, "his Lordship has consented?" But not waiting to give him answer I hurried along the soft terrace outside the hedge of the bowling-green to the big house. Arrived there, it took me but a moment to detach from the wall one of the ancient shirts of mail that I had often before donned in sport; in another minute I had slipped off my coat and pulled the supple armor of steel links over my head. Then, in a manner rehearsed before, I pinned the lower part of the right sleeve of the coat across the

breast, in imitation of Lord Nelson's mode of wearing it, and, donning my coat again, save for the right arm, which I held closely pressed to my side, was ready to play my part. Weapon I had none, knowing that I should have little chance to use it with my right hand thus confined, and relying with every confidence on my friends in ambush that they would be at the rascals' throats before they had time to recover the shock of finding their first stroke fail. That dagger or short sword would be their weapon it was impossible to doubt. A pistol would noise the alarm too loudly, a bludgeon were too uncertain; and other alternative there was none.

No moon was shining, but the night was peaceful and starlit as I hurried again towards the bowling-green, swiftly as I could, yet keeping whenever possible in the shadow. I entered it once more by the broad path, A; but this time walked along the green not by the side remote from the bowling-shed, but in such manner as to bring me close before that little house, whence still issued the voices of the gamblers as they noted the points or cursed their luck. There is a certain French oath, which I need not write down, that ever recalls very vividly to my mind the intense excitement of that moment as I walked with an assumed indifference upon the soft turf beneath the stars.

Arrived at the foot of the grass steps, and in the full flood of light from the door of the bowling-house, I stood, as if surveying the heavens, in such attitude that the light fell upon my right breast with the coat-sleeve pinned across it. In a few moments the talk within came to a sudden check, informing me that I had been seen by those within. My purpose in coming to a halt had been effected, and I passed on out of the light into the shadow. I confess that my heart

beat quick, though with the protection of the mail I wore there was little or no danger; but the moment of waiting was an anxious one, as every instant I expected to hear stealthy steps on the soft turf behind me. But none came, and I reached the farther edge of the green unmolested. Arrived there I turned, and reversing my walk, strolled back again past the little house. As I approached I heard voices in a low tone within—tones that hushed to complete silence as I passed the stream of light, again to recommence as I went into the shadow. Then I knew that the dogs were talking to give their courage the spur, discussing, hesitating on their dastard attempt. That they could doubt me for a moment to be the man it was their task to murder I did not for an instant think. The likeness of my figure to Lord Nelson's and the pinned coat-sleeve would have deceived under that doubtful light, even one who knew him well.

I turned in my walk and repassed the stream of light, and, casting a glance of inquiry upward, perceived a change in the situation within. A third man—doubtless entered by one of the archways B or C—had joined the other two. Likely he had been the watch while the others played—watching precisely for some such opportunity as that they now seemed to have at their disposal. The voices were more eager now, as if his coming had infused a greater energy into their counsels. I felt that the moment for me was at hand. But not yet, as it appeared, was their courage wrought to the sticking-point. Again, and yet once more, I was allowed to pass the bright-lit channel; but at last passing the former sound of voices was completely stilled, and I knew that resolve had taken the place of deliberation. Within ten paces of leaving that flood of light I was aware—I felt rather than I heard—soft footsteps on the turf be-

hind me. I did not turn. A moment, and a cruel blow struck me beneath the shoulder-blade—struck, but, thanks to the good rings of steel, good still though a century or two old, maybe—did not penetrate an inch, nor an eighth of one. Wrenching my right arm free, I turned to fight. But there was nothing for me to do. Within the instant, even as the blow was struck, before the cowards had recovered their surprise or the second assassin had got in his stroke, the great smuggler was upon them. For the first man, as he came to him—him who had done nothing save carry a little dagger in his hand—my friend contented himself with driving him a blow of a great fist upon his head that knocked him senseless; the second, who had dealt me his ineffective stroke, he spitted with his marling-spike as the cur turned to fly, and the fellow fell, with a short sharp yell, stifled into a gasp.

We stood there under the stars, with these two men lying for dead on the turf before us. And then I laughed. I know, I can remember quite clearly, that I laughed. There was no mirth about it, but I suppose that my feelings must have been excited more than I had known in waiting for those fellows to make their attack on me, and all had happened with such marvellous quickness. To realize that it was over, all over, was so great a revulsion. I suppose that is why I laughed.

At that moment there was a sudden noise of horses plunging and snorting in the direction of the easterly running glen, and I think that acted as a tonic in recalling me to myself.

"There was a third man," I said. "Where is he?"

"I told off Rube Elphick," the smuggler said, "to go down and be in wait by the horses. I expect he will look after him."

"A good thought," I answered. "The

arrant failure! I hope he has given a good account of him."

An exclamation of horror—almost of terror—from the smuggler caused me to glance towards him sharply.

"Great God!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "What is this?"

I turned whither he looked, towards the house, and there, coming to us up the entry to the green, I saw the real Lord Nelson, unmistakable, with the short stump of his lost right arm, even by the dim light of the stars. Then I laughed—a laugh of some real mirth this time, as I said to the smuggler:

"What! do you mean you did not know me, man?"

"Ah," he said, with an expression of immense relief, gazing close into my face. "It is you, mate, and I thought it was his Lordship," and then added this, that was little short of a blasphemy, but showed the good fellow's liking for me, nevertheless: "Man, had I known it was you I would never have waited for the fellow to strike his blow."

"I thought I heard an owl hoot," Lord Nelson said pleasantly as he came towards us.

"I fear this was the owl you heard, my Lord," I said, pointing to the fellow who had been struck through.

"Get lights," I added, "and see what is to be done with them."

One of the men went to the bowling-house for the lights.

"But what means it all?" Lord Nelson asked, much mystified, as he well might be; "and this?" he added, plucking the coat-sleeve pinned across my breast.

I feared he might take offence at my masquerading his disability in this manner, so led him aside at once and explained all to him quickly and briefly as I could; and then he was good enough to give expression to a gratitude most generous, but far too undeserved and warm for me to venture

to write it down. I should hardly like to mention it, save to show how ever ready his Lordship was to recognize and appreciate any service one could do for him.

"In what state are they?" I asked, as we went back to the group on the green, when I had made these explanations to Lord Nelson.

"This murderer is dead," the smuggler said drily, pointing with his foot to the one he had run through. "This other I think is only knocked stupid. It is a pity. Shall he be gibbeted now, or wait till he comes to his right senses?"

"What say you, my Lord?" I asked.

"I say nothing, sir. I am a guest here on your ship."

"And enjoying pleasant hospitality," I said, with some bitterness. "But who is this—Elphick? What report have you to make?"

For a man who stands confessed "an arrant failure" in the naval profession I can conceive no situation less comfortable than that of being face to face with Lord Nelson; and something of this discomfort Reuben Elphick seemed to experience. He was sorely tongue-tied.

"Did you see anything of a third man?" I asked.

"I did," he said, saluting.

"Where is he?"

He indicated with his thumb the direction of the glen.

"But did you leave him there? Is he—"

"Yes, he be."

"Dead?"

He nodded.

"You did for him?"

"He did for himself."

"How? Speak, man, cannot you?"

"He fell off his horse, sir."

"What! You let him get mounted?"

"He mounted, sir, on the larboard side, and did not see me that was waiting him to starboard. So as his leg

come over the starboard, I took and hoisted it back to larboard, and he fell over—and his neck's broke."

"You're sure he's dead?"

"He be fully dead, sir; but I did lash him bow and stern as well before I parted company; and then I left him. I did not care for him in company, and that's the truth. It be more cheerful here."

"Cheerful, no doubt, in a comparative sense, my Lord," I said to Lord Nelson; for I felt this was but a sorry greeting we had given him at Buckhurst. "And now, if your Lordship pleases, we will go in, or the ladies may fear something troublesome has happened. You and your company had better house in the bowling house to-night," I said to the smuggler, "and if you could dispose of this night's work without leaving traces I'd be the more obliged. You'll doctor the one that met you first when he comes to?"

"Ay—I'll have salves enough for him," he said in grim irony.

"Take a look at Reuben's friend and tell me (but I am sure—I had a glimpse of him when he talked with the others in the house) if it be not, as I know it is, Marigny. And as for thanks for the work of this night—I cannot tell you—never can." I wrung his great hard hand with deepest gratitude, and went after Lord Nelson, who was already walking to the house.

The shirt of mail, with a dent in certain of its rings that I still look at now and then, went back to its old place in the hall. I had to manœuvre with my stern to the wall for the rest of that evening, in order to conceal from the company a sore rent in the back of my coat, and later was forced to apply to my mother for brown paper and vinegar to mend a bruise on my own back, which I made feign to have received by stumbling on a tree; but for the rest I do not think any episode so near as this to making history

has ever passed so quietly before. Reuben Elphick I had promised, with Lord Nelson's backing, that if he made no chatter about the evening's work his former delinquencies should be forgiven. And to the best of my knowledge he told it not even to his wife, to whom he returned that very night, much to the satisfaction alike of her and me, whom she had plagued so constantly for his absence.

It was but dawn on the morrow when I visited the bowling-green, only to find my friends, whom I had hoped to recompense, already flown. A message they had left for me with Elphick, that they had taken, by way of pay in full, the three horses, that the previous owners had no longer use for; and further bid him say that the man whose neck was broken was none other than I had supposed—Marigny. But to the day of her demise my Aunt Dorset had by her a roll of fine lace of Flanders, expecting the call of two French lace-merchants who left it on her hands for a night and disappeared without a trace.

XXX.

Now, that is practically the end of this story; but there is another story that then was only about beginning. It is the story, however, of the wedded life of Hortense—the lady whom I had first known as the Comtesse d'Estourville—and myself, and is a very private matter, of no public concern whatever.

Lord Nelson, after a quick walk round to view the oaks of Buckhurst, in the course of which he made some most valuable suggestions, that have since been acted on with great advantage, was forced to return to London at noon of the same day. His Lordship was gracious enough to say that, after what had passed on the previous evening, to which he generously attached a merit on my part far above its

due, he would engage his word that I should have a ship in the fleet which he was on the point of starting to command; and, more than that, directed me to say that if Reuben Elphick, or any of the other three engaged in that night's work, should care to serve in any ship under his command, he would see to it that the share they had taken in that good work was of no disservice to them. Upon this kindly hint, that meant much from one so scrupulously mindful of the interest of his subordinates as the great Admiral, all were only too glad to act, with the exception of that irreconcilable outlaw the Skipper of Darby's Cave; and, knowing the last as I did, I could not but think his decision a wise one. It is said that, in order to command, a man must first teach himself to obey; and though this I believe to be a maxim absolutely true in its general application, I must confess to deeming my thrice-proved friend of the cave a notable exception. Alike by birthright and by habit, the rôle of leader seemed his proper one to play, while the natural infirmity of what old Homer would call his "over-royal" temper seemed likely to make the paths of obedience so difficult as well-nigh to be impracticable for him. Under these circumstances his decision appeared almost a proper one, if the term may be applied in such connection, to remain leader of his lawless gang rather than attempt the impossible in the more trodden paths of regular service.

To Brighton I went, but a day or two later than the date of the episodes last related, taking with me my dear mother and sister, to make acquaintance with her whom I now had the immediate expectation of claiming for my wife. It needs not that I should dwell on the delight of that mutual introduction, nor on the affection of Hortense, which she now gave me without any reservation.

Public events came crowding on us in quick succession. But the pressure of these events was not altogether disagreeable to me in the necessity of hastening my marriage with Hortense before the 12th of the current month, on which early date I had to join Lord Nelson on board the *Victory* at Portsmouth. Thence we sailed, amid the splendid ovations that greeted his Lordship's departure, at an early hour on the 13th. At Portsmouth I had the happiness of making my wife acquainted with the hero whose life she, in all human likelihood, had saved, and thus had no little share in winning for England the glorious, but all too costly, victory of Trafalgar. It was a service that his Lordship had already recognized, in the midst of all his duties and the press of his departure, by a more than handsome gift on the occasion of our marriage; and on my introduction of my wife he spoke most gracious words of gratitude, and often delighted me on the voyage out by reference to her charm of manner, her grace and beauty.

I have none of the subtle wit to be able to claim an understanding of that most complex of all subjects of study, human character, but must needs have been dense indeed had I failed to appreciate the marvellous change that passed over my wife's whole character so soon as the knowledge came to her that her life was to be overshadowed no more by the dread of her scoundrel cousin and his dastardly machinations. The fixed idea of obtaining vengeance for the wrong she had suffered in her first husband's murder, that had possessed, and in some measure warped, her sweet nature during the first years of womanhood, had been dispelled, and the true beauty of her disposition became apparent to all who met her. No longer had she that air of pride, reserve and mystery that had earned her the name of "The Fair Enigma." No

longer was she enigmatic, but on all alike her natural sweetness and kindness beamed forth from a pure and simple soul.

Two mysteries in all this history, and, I think, two only, remain for me to this day unsolved. The first, the identity and parentage of him whom I have ever to think of as my most gallant and true friend, the Skipper of the Cave. It is a mystery that I might perhaps, had I been greatly curious in matters not of my own concern, have solved; but a certain loyalty towards him who had so well deserved it of me deterred me from endeavoring to probe a secret which evidently he did not wish revealed.

The second mystery is one that does, perhaps, concern me closely, yet one that I am fully content to leave unsolved, even as I believe it to be, by the most perspicuous ingenuity, insoluble—the reason that could induce a woman of the manifold gifts and graces of my wife to allow her heart to be held captive by a simple seaman like myself. It is a mystery that I am convinced will be fully shared by all who chance to read this plain narrative of certain singular events that history has not yet made its own, and they must be content, with me, to leave it, as it is and must be, a mystery still.

I took my own humble part in the great yet lamentable battle of Trafalgar, not on Lord Nelson's ship, but in a small independent command, to which he transferred me as soon as we reached the coast of Spain. Reuben Elphick, "the arrant failure," served with me as my boatswain, and in course of long service certainly lived down his self-dubbed name, for I can recall no further instance on his part of conspicuous failure, while I am aware of more than one of his acts that were marked by very conspicuous resource and bravery.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

ACROSS RUSSIAN LAPLAND IN SEARCH OF BIRDS.

IV. IN THE BIRCH SCRUB AND ON THE ROCKY COAST.

The concluding portion of my last article¹ found my companion and myself amongst the marshes near the northern end of the great Imandra Lake.

Our limited food supply continually drove us forward, so that however interesting a place might be we could never afford to stay there long. Rowing to the head of the Imandra, we landed at the mouth of a small river which flowed into the lake. The river was full of rapids, and could not be ascended by a boat, so we walked across country to a little lake, which the river connected with the Imandra.

Crossing this lake—the Pereyaver—we arrived at an interesting water parting. An almost level strip of land of only some five hundred yards across separated two chains of lakes and rivers—the one up which we had travelled flowed southward and reached the White Sea, while the other rushed northward and found an outlet in the Arctic Ocean.

At this spot we were attacked by vast swarms of blood-sucking flies, so small that they easily passed through the mosquito vells, and so voracious and poisonous that we were soon suffering from swollen glands and intense ear-ache. We were forced to pack up and flee northwards, camping eventually on the shores of the Pulozero. Here we found unexpected civilization in the shape of a well-built telegraph station, inhabited by a most hospitable official, who treated us with every kindness. Although somewhat short of flour himself, he provided us with bread, which we sorely needed, and in the way of luxuries he had his bath house heated and prepared for our use. This gentleman was very anxious that I should

take his portrait, and notwithstanding my protestations that the picture probably would be unsuccessful, and at all events small, he insisted upon dressing up in his full uniform, which included a sword and a medal. One of the telegraph line inspectors was proclaimed to be a great sportsman, and was anxious to take us to some marshes at some distance, which he reported to be the haunt of wild geese and swans. We gladly accepted his services as guide, and taking a few men and our tent we set off for the marshes. The walk thither was most trying, as it was pouring with rain, and we had to wade for miles uphill through slush and soft moss. The marshes, however, were extensive, and were the breeding haunts of a number of interesting wading birds, amongst others being the dusky red-shank, and the bar-tailed godwit, which were mentioned in my last article. But we never saw a sign of a goose or a swan, and our guide's sporting achievements were none too brilliant. He stayed for a long time at the edge of a small lake, and fired many rounds at a flock of ducks fully two hundred yards away. Soon afterwards I saw him fire twice at something on the ground, and on reaching him I saw that his mark was a fluffy little greenshank. On catching the chick we found one of its toes slightly injured by the shot.

As we journeyed northwards from Pulozero the character of the country gradually changed. The pine forest became thinner, and the birch trees more numerous until the pine trees eventually disappeared. Then the birch trees in their turn became scarcer and stunted, and the dwarf birch and many other kinds of creeping plants began to get the upper hand, until at

¹ *The Living Age*—Oct. 18, 1902.

the coast the only trees were a few wind-blown birches, while even the creeping plants in many places were unable to exist, and reindeer moss, hoary and luxuriant, reigned in their stead.

The change in the vegetation had a marked effect upon the bird life. For instance the capercaillie disappeared with the pine forest, and willow grouse² increased in numbers as the country became more open. The plumage of the willow grouse especially interested us. This bird is familiar to all in its winter garb of white when it appears in the poulterer's shops under the name of ptarmigan. In summer, however, its plumage is brown, much like that of the red grouse, except that its wing feathers always remain white. In high northern altitudes where spring, summer, and autumn are crowded into a few months, the bird often retains part of its white plumage, especially on the breast, throughout the summer; so that we were not surprised to find all the willow grouse bearing old winter feathers in August. But when we came to examine these birds we discovered that they were still in the midst of the "spring" moult, their breasts and backs being covered with new and growing feathers, many of them only just peeping through the skin. It seemed doubtful that these birds would complete this moult that year before the winter plumage became necessary, for already new snow was falling on the hills, the mosquitoes were fast dying, and autumn had commenced. The exceptionally late summer accounted, no doubt, for this curious state of plumage, and as we journeyed north other anomalies caused by the backward season were apparent.

Most of the willow grouse had broods of very small chicks, and, like other gallinaceous birds, the parents were active in using various devices to at-

tract the intruder's attention while their young ones were rapidly getting under safe cover. To give a few instances. I was watching a hen bird feeding her chicks, which were jumping up to her beak and pecking bits of food from it. Suddenly she saw me, and uttering a harsh and low chuck she began to run like a rat through the grass and undergrowth, but keeping always in full view. Meanwhile her chicks had scattered in every direction and had disappeared like magic. One old hen which I came upon very suddenly, rushed up to me cocking her tail and holding her head as bravely as a bantam; she was so defiant, and came so close, that I thought she was going to strike me. The cock birds were as eager to protect their young as the females. Once, on surprising two old birds together with their brood, the hen immediately made off, but the cock flew straight at me and fell over, as though shot, almost at my feet. He quickly picked himself up, and, crouching low, crept away dragging his drooping wings along the ground.

At Klitsa, where two log huts formed a "station," the food question became acute. We had run matters rather fine in our desire to stay as long as possible in the country, and now we had but a tin of tongue left for ourselves and nothing for our men. However, fortune favored us, for at the foaming junction of two rapid rivers we caught a fine salmon, and higher up one of the rivers a good trout and a pike. They were soon cooked, and our men ceased grumbling, while we were glad to have a substitute for tinned food. Nevertheless, we hurried forward to Kola, a small village of wooden houses, and the capital of Russian Lapland.

Historically Kola is famed for having been bombarded (inoffensive and unprotected fishing village as it is) by a British gunboat during the Crimean war. It is prettily situated at the base

² "Lagopus albus."

of a hill, flanked on both sides by rivers flowing into a fjord, which takes its name from the village. Here we were once again in communication with the outside world. We paid off our men, who set off back to their homes by the way we had come. They had no loads, but their pockets were heavy, their pay being in silver, and their hearts were glad, while as to their heads I am afraid they were lighter even than usual, for until Kola was reached the men had long abstained from vodka.

We found plenty to interest us during the two days which we spent in Kola while waiting for a steamer to take us down the fjord. Most of the inhabitants were away fishing on the Murman coast, but the people who were left were very nice, and a great contrast to the peasants of Kandalax. They seemed to be happily influenced by their proximity with Norway. A little boy to whom I gave a copek for bringing me a telegram, took off his hat and shook my hand in true Norwegian fashion.

I should not dare to boast of my own culinary efforts, but my companion had for a month proved himself an excellent *chef*. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that on boarding the steamer which was to take us to the coast, we took a very great interest in the wonderful dishes put before us (and not in vain) at the first few meals.

We had determined to work in the neighborhood of the coast for a week, so we disembarked at Ekaterina—a remarkable place at the mouth of the Kola Fjord. The harbor of Ekaterina is practically land locked, and thus well protected from all winds. Moreover, by the kindly influence exerted by the Gulf Stream it is the most easterly harbor in the north of Europe which is free from ice at all seasons, and is thus the only northern port possessed by Russia which remains unfrozen in the winter. Though the water

is deep the harbor is small, being only about a quarter of a mile wide. It would not, therefore, be convenient for large war vessels which could not easily turn in it. Nevertheless, the Russian Government have here built a small dry dock, and at great cost have constructed a fine road up the rocky slope which descends abruptly to the water's edge. The road leads to the only level piece of ground on the hills round the harbor. This was a small marsh, but has now been drained, and some fifty wooden buildings forming the new town of Ekaterina have been erected upon it. These buildings were all made in Archangel, and brought thence in parts. They include a fine church, a custom house, a school, and other public offices. During our journey through Lapland, Ekaterina had just been completed, and had been opened officially with great ceremony.

We spent a most enjoyable week here, being most hospitably entertained by a party of Russian marine biologists, who were installed in a well-fitted laboratory. Although the weather was wretched we much enjoyed the bracing air of the coast after the muggy atmosphere of the interior. We were able to add considerably to our collection. The most remarkable point about the birds on this rocky northern coast was the fact that many of them still had nests with fresh eggs, although the winter was coming on apace. Mealy redpolls¹ were common amongst the stunted birch trees, which struggled for an existence in the dells amongst the rocks, where they were more or less protected from the winds. Most of the redpolls had fresh eggs in their beautiful little nests, and I feel sure that these were first broods, for I saw no young birds about. One nest contained a dead bird sitting on two eggs. On dissecting this bird it was evident that it had died "egg-bound," which

¹ "Linota linaria."

I fancy must be a rare occurrence amongst wild birds.

One day we saw a diver flying over a hill. As we watched, it began to circle, and eventually flew down behind the hill. We crept over the slope, and found a small tarn on the other side, and seeing no bird about we concluded that it had gone on to its nest. So we separated and walked carefully round the small lake. I had not gone far before a large bird slid silently off the bank into the water. Swimming rapidly for a short distance, it suddenly raised its body perpendicularly in the water, and flapping its wings began to croak loudly. As I wanted the bird I did not delay long in shooting it, knowing well from experience that when once these birds begin diving it is next to impossible to get them. The bird proved to be a red-throated diver.⁴ On the bank from which it had slid were two fresh eggs, placed in a depression in the wet moss within a foot of the edge of the tarn. From the nest to the water was a shallow trough worn in the moss by the bird, which was accustomed to slide from its eggs down into the water. My friend and I waited patiently in turns for many hours well hidden near the nest, hoping that the other bird would come to the nest. But it never appeared, although its mate which we had shot proved to be the male.

Bidding adieu to our kind Russian hosts we sailed for Vardoe. Here we had to wait six hours for a steamer to take us south, and during that time we employed ourselves most profitably in collecting birds. We found a number of interesting species congregated in a field attached to a small fort. On one side some soldiers were drilling, on the other a sentry was pacing up and down. Still we were determined to

have those birds, and accordingly climbed over the fence and proceeded to get them. In our eagerness we had soon forgotten the sentry, and were surprised after shooting some six or eight birds to see him buckling on his sword and running towards us. Pocketing the birds, as well as the little poaching gun which we had been using, and climbing out of the field, we went to meet the little man in the most innocent way. However, he received us with an awful torrent of what sounded like abuse. We were both most ignorant of the Norwegian language, and the only expression I could think of as at all befitting the occasion was a word sounding like "umfielardles," and signifying "I beg your pardon." Accordingly I repeated this word many times in the suavest possible way, and then we walked rapidly away to our boat, leaving the soldier in a most indignant rage. Unluckily some boys had seen and heard the whole of the fun, and they followed us through the town shouting out the tale, and repeating some of the sentry's choicest expressions, as well as my apology, which seemed to cause the inhabitants great amusement. We were well able to join in the laugh, because our hare pockets bulged conspicuously with a rich booty.

How tame and artificial seemed the pleasures and luxuries of civilization soon after our return home. How we sighed for the wild freedom of camp life. Little hardships, and even the tormenting mosquitoes of Lapland, were forgotten in a feverish longing to roam once more over some country untouched by man—the desire to be alone with Nature in her wildest aspects was our strongest passion.

Harry F. Witherby.

Knowledge.

⁴ "*Colymbus septentrionalis*."

PATCHWORK.

It's foolish work tearing things to pieces to sew 'em together again.

Maggie Tulliver.

Martha Lupton had been considered "wonderful house-proud" in those far-away days on which she now looked back with a mixture of pride and sorrow—the days in which she had had a house of her own and "no need to be behowden to nobry." The house, as a matter of fact, had been her husband's, but poor old Dicky Lupton had never been made "mich count on." He had been well bullied and kept in order; and Martha's neatness and cleanliness had made his life a sore burden to him. Even during his last illness the poor man had scarcely dared turn in bed for fear of rumpling sheet or pillow-case. Some of the neighbors had averred that as often as his poor feeble hand plucked at the counterpane when his end drew near, Martha, between her sobs, had possessed herself of it and carefully replaced it beneath the trimly-folded clothes.

But now Dicky was no more, and all that remained of him was a framed sampler worked by his hand in youth—he had evidently been born to be hen-pecked—and his hat, which hung in a prominent position opposite the door "to freet'n tramps," Martha said, though whether tramps generally think it worth their while to visit almshouses is a moot point. Yes, Martha now occupied one of the neat row of tiny almshouses situate near the school, and founded by the same generous benefactor more than two hundred years ago. A typical Lancashire man this must have been, open-handed, warm-hearted, but chary of words. The inscription over the school porch must surely have been characteristic: "Doce, disce vel discede."

Martha's present home was a narrow one, it was true, consisting of two rooms which she shared with another old woman called Moggy Gill; and in this enforced companionship lay what Martha felt to be the supreme hardship of her lot. She could put up with living on charity, having worked so hard all her life; now that she was no longer able to "addle wage," it was clearly somebody's duty to provide for her; therefore she pocketed her seven shillings a week without scruple, and made the most of the poor little dwelling assigned to her. But not so much as to have it to herself!—that was the crux. To be moldered with a poor do-less creature same as Moggy—Moggy who could never be trusted to sweep clean or to dust the back of a chair as well as the front, or even to fill the kettle without spilling some of its contents on the freshly raddled floor. Moggy was enough to try the patience of a saint. She was a little blear-eyed old woman, a spinster. "The men-folk knowed better nor to pick sich a poor missis as hoo'd ha' made," Martha frequently asserted. She was rheumatic and, moreover, clumsy; and though she and Martha had dwelt together for more than five years she had not yet begun to get into Martha's ways. Moggy had been first in possession, but the other at once took command; she continued to be house-proud even in her two rooms, and not only delighted in scrubbing and cleaning and polishing, but insisted that Moggy should be equally energetic.

"Share and share alike," she would say; "you scrub floor and I'll raddle it."

So down poor old Moggy would go on her rheumatic knees, while Martha stood over her, frowning.

"I knowed ye'd never shift hearth-

rug," she would cry if Moggy evinced any intention of shirking the two square feet of flags occupied by a piece of patchwork, fashioned by Martha's own hands.

"I—I wur just a-comin' to it," she would falter, squatting back upon her heels.

"Nay, you was for leavin' it—I seed ye. Mind that corner now. Get clout well in-to't. Your fingers is all thumbs, seemin'ly."

"Never content," Moggy would groan, dropping on all fours again.

"Nay, I'm not like to be content when folks go scampin' their work that gate. You don't find no scampin' about my work. When I undertake a thing I stick to it. I undertook to make that there hearthrug, and neighbors is all agreed 'tis a pictur'."

"'Tis a pictur', too, Mrs. Lupton; 'tis sure," Moggy would agree obsequiously, hoping to give the conversation a more agreeable turn.

"Well, then, don't ye go a-makin' little of it by layin' of it on a dirty floor," Martha would return unflinchingly.

Her achievements in the way of patchwork caused much tribulation to her house-mate, though she was almost as proud of them as the maker herself. Not only were both beds covered with quilts deftly fashioned out of odds and ends, but each chair had a patchwork cover, and, moreover, cushions of the same; the tablecloth was ingeniously constructed in like manner, while the hearthrug, as has been already stated, was a miracle of its kind. Martha possessed wonderfully keen eyesight for her years, and it was her delight after her "readyin' up" had been accomplished to sit steadily at her sewing as long as daylight lasted. She was actually employed on the construction of a carpet, which was intended to cover the centre of the floor—a stupendous achievement to the accomplishment of which Moggy looked forward with

dread; it was hard enough to avoid getting into trouble over the patchwork trophies already in existence. She was not allowed to tread upon the hearthrug, and was obliged to shake and dust her dress before sitting on a chair; woe to her, indeed, if she incautiously set down dish or cup on the table without first removing and carefully folding the cover! Sometimes she looked back with a sigh to past days when a certain good-natured old Irishwoman had shared her abode, and they two used to sit pleasantly idle during long hours chatting and gazing into the little street. But Martha would not tolerate idleness.

"Ye can't sew!" she had exclaimed with incredulous scorn on one of the early days of their partnership, "but ye must knit, for sure?"

Then on Moggy's feebly shaking her head, "Well, then, I'll soon learn ye."

And in spite of Moggy's protests and many bungling mistakes, "learnt" she was, and thenceforth while Martha stitched and the pattern of the carpet grew daily more complicated, Moggy sat by the window plying her needles and sighing.

In the autumn of a certain year one of the inhabitants of the next-door cottage died, and was replaced by a woman younger and more active than any to be found in the whole little row of whitewashed dwellings—a woman so active, indeed, that she supplemented her weekly pittance by going out regularly to work.

Mrs. Rimmer, her house-mate, came in one day to comment on the astonishing fact to her neighbors.

"I don't know as I like it so very well," she remarked; "'tis awful lonesome for a body to sit all alone by theirsels all day. And when hoo come in o' neets, hoo's that tired I can scarce get a word out of her."

"But ye have the place to yoursel' all day," cried Martha and Moggy to-

gether; while the latter added with a stifled groan, "an' that's summat."

"Ah," cried Martha viciously, "'tis summat for sure. Nobry to get in your road; nobry to go upsettin' your things. Look at that there kettle now. Some folks don't so much as know the difference betwixt straight and crooked. When that there kettle begins o' bilin' it's mich if the whole place isn't in a swim."

"'Tis wI' tryin' not to walk on hearth-rug," pleaded Moggy, looking at Mrs. Rimmer with renewed envy; *she* did not have to count her steps, and could put her kettle on her coals in any sort of way she fancied. It must be pleasant, Moggy thought, to be so free as that.

"Well," said Mrs. Rimmer, poisoning her hands upon her hips and looking round dubiously, "I dunno; I don't howd wI' bein' always forsook like. When Mary Makin goes out of a forenoon I assure ye I feel awful lonesome. Nobry to pass the time o' day or to offer a remark of any mak' fro' morn till neet—'tis lonesome as how 'tis—an' it don't seem fair, neither. I can't seem to think hoo does her share. Hoo gets her mate where hoo works, you know, an' I have my bit o' dinner all to mysel'! Now poor Mrs. Formby, as is gone to her long home, allus went shares—our appetites was mich the same, ye know, so we jest paid butcher share and share alike, but Mary, hoo won't pay butcher nought. Hoo says hoo gats mate enough o' weekdays, and hoo doesn't fancy it o' Sundays. I don't seem to have the heart to sit down to a bit o' beef by mysel'."

"I'd be willin' to change wI' you, I know," cried Martha vehemently, "eh dear, I would! I would that!"

Moggy said nothing, but continued to gaze speculatively at Mrs. Rimmer.

"I doubt if they'd let us change, though," returned the latter with a laugh. "The folks what puts us in

'ud be like to turn us out altogether if they thought we wasn't satisfied. Eh dear! 'Tis the A'mighty's will I s'pose—we must each bear we're own burdens. Well, good-day to ye, neighbors."

"Good-day, Mrs. Rimmer. Ye'll jist mind that little mat yon by the door-hole; I don't mich fancy it's bein' stepped on."

"Dear o' me, no to be sure, I reckon ye wouldn't. 'Tis a very handsome thing yon, 'tis for sure."

And making a long step, Mrs. Rimmer crossed the precious little mat and withdrew to her own quarters.

"Poor Moggy," she muttered to herself, "I never did see a body so put upon. Eh dear! hoo can scarce so much as look reet; t'other's down on her for everything. Now, I could do wI' Moggy very well—very well, I could. Hoo's as nice and quiet a creetur' as ever I comed across—I never heerd her give an ill word to nobry. And I'm sure I can't for the life of me think what manner o' good there can be in all they little mats as nobry's allowed to touch."

Meanwhile the couple next door had returned to their work in silence; Moggy, a little sore at heart at Martha's impatient words. She needn't have made little of her before strangers, she thought. Martha stitched away with angry jerks of her thread. Some folks didn't know when they were well off. There was Mrs. Rimmer reigning in peace and solitude, able to follow her own fancy from morning to night, while her betters were tied to them that was not much more than fools. "My word! When folks can't so mich as put kettle on fire wI'out burnin' it all o' one side and havin' it spottin' all over clean floor"—here she darted a wrathful glance at poor clumsy Moggy—"how can anyone expect the place to be nice? There's not a bit o' good in my bein' house-proud," she groaned

to herself. "If I was Mrs. Rimmer now—"

The idea gradually took firmer hold of her mind, till at last the desire to change with her neighbor grew so strong that she could scarcely eat or sleep. Her temper grew shorter than ever, and poor Moggy, becoming more nervous in consequence, blundered more frequently.

Matters came to a climax one day, when in the endeavor to avoid stepping on one of Martha's cherished mats she backed on to her own recently-filled bucket, and upset its contents all over the freshly raddled floor.

Martha's language on this occasion was not only unparliamentary but passed the bounds of even cottage propriety; such hard things, indeed, were those she said, and in such vigorous language, that Moggy sank into her own little chair in the corner and fairly sobbed behind her apron. The sound of her lamentations reached the ears of Mrs. Rimmer, who presently popped her head in at the door to inquire what was to-do.

"I can't thooal it. I can't thooal it!" wailed Moggy. "I'd sooner go to the Union. It couldn't be worse theer nor here. T' folks wouldn't be allus bargain' at a body."

"Don't ye take on, Moggy," the visitor was beginning sympathetically, when Mrs. Lupton broke in, with her face flaming.

"It's all very well to say 'Don't take on.' 'Tis enough to break a heart o' stone, it is. Jest you look at my clean floor! Hoo met be a child—"

"Well, the mischief isn't so bad when all's said and done," pleaded the other good-naturedly. "I'll soon fetch a cloth and help to sop it up. I wouldn't be so hard on the poor owd lass, Mrs. Lupton. Hoo's all of a shake, see."

"I wish you had to live wi' her," retorted the wrathful Martha. "I doubt

ye'd not be for pityin' her so mich then."

"Eh, dear, I wish I did live wi' Mrs. Rimmer," groaned Moggy. "Hoo'd have a bit more pity—hoo'd wouldn't be ever and allus saucin' an' bargain'."

"Eh, and I could do wi' you very well," said Mrs. Rimmer, touched by the tearful words. "We all have our faults, and I wouldn't be expectin' ye to have eyes at the back of your head, as how 'tis."

"Ye may have your wish then," cried Martha violently. "'Tis my wish too, I'm sure. Will ye stick to what ye've said, Mrs. Rimmer? Will ye swop houses wi' me? You're welcome to Moggy, and I'd be fain to live wi' Mary Makin—ay, that I would. I'd ax no better nor to have her out of the road all day."

"Well," said Mrs. Rimmer, a little taken aback, but laughing good-humoredly, "I don't suppose they'd let us."

"I'll go and ax leave mysel'," cried Martha eagerly. "I'll go this very minute if ye'll say the word."

"Do now, Mrs. Rimmer, love," pleaded Moggy, looking up from behind her apron. "You and me was allus very thick, and I'm sure I'd do my best to please ye. The two houses be jest same—ye should have your ch'ice o' everything."

"Well, I don't mind if I do," returned the other, still half in jest. "I'll come and wipe up the floor, as how 'tis. But we's see."

Before she had time to return with her cloth, Martha had donned bonnet and shawl, and already gone some paces down the street.

"Dear o' me, I didn't look for to be took up quite as quick as that cooms to," said Mrs. Rimmer, looking after her with a dubious face.

"For mercy's sake don't call her back," cried Moggy piteously. "Eh, Mrs. Rimmer, if ye did but know! I'm not so very particular, the Lord knows,

but hoo fair leads me the life of a dog."

"I dunno how 'twill turn out, I'm sure," said Mrs. Rimmer, still dubious. "I didn't altogether mean—well, then —" with a change of tone as poor Moggy's face fell, "if 'tis to be 'twill be, I reckon, and we must hope 'twill turn out for the best."

Martha came back triumphant; the authorities, it seemed, had been amused at the request, and had unhesitatingly granted it. Dinner was no sooner over and the things "sided" than she set about collecting her possessions and carrying them next door.

"I thought you'd give me that there quilt," hinted Moggy, as she saw Martha not only remove and fold her own counterpane, but the companion one, which had for so many years adorned her little bed.

"You hadn't no reet to think no such thing, then," retorted the other, with a superabundance of negatives which Moggy felt to be conclusive. "I didn't mak' it for thee; I made it for the 'ouse."

"Oh, I see," responded Moggy faintly; and after that stood by, mutely scratching her elbows, while Martha proceeded to divest the chairs of their cushions, and remove the hearthrug and sacred doormat. The sampler was next added to the pile of portable property, and the late Mr. Lupton's hat laid on top.

"Now I reckon all's ready," said Martha, looking anxiously round; "nay, theer's the kettle-holder—hand over, Moggy."

Moggy left off scratching her elbows and complied, looking more and more doleful; that kettle-holder had been the cause of many scoldings, for the condition of the lining had been a test of her polishing powers as regarded the kettle-handle, and as such had been daily subjected to severe inspection from Martha's keen eyes; but she was loth to let it go all the same.

"My word, the house do look wonderful bare," cried Mrs. Rimmer, appearing just as these preparations were complete. "I hadn't thought o' bringing aught fro' my place."

"I doubt ye haven't got so very mich to bring away," observed Martha pausing, with her chin resting on the crown of her husband's hat.

"Well, I dare say I could find a good few things if I was to look," returned Mrs. Rimmer with a startled air. "If Mrs. Lupton was going to be that havin', other folks had best look out for their reets," she opined inwardly.

"I don't believe there's nought next door that doesn't belong to the 'ouse," asserted Martha firmly. "You was never a great hand at your needle, Mrs. Rimmer."

"The tay-pot's mine, though," retorted the other excitedly, "for I paid fi'pence ha'penny at Tyrer's mysel' for 't."

"Ah, but you went and broke the t'other," cried Martha triumphantly; "and that was found on the premises. You're answerable for that there tay-pot, Mrs. Rimmer."

"Goodness gracious, I never did see anybody so covetous!" exclaimed the last-named lady, raising her voice. "Tay-pot as was broke wasn't worth tuppence—that it wasn't. Spout was chipped off when I coom, and knob gone fro' the lid. I met ha' got a cheap one, but this 'ere wi' the flowers on't took my fancy like—you can take the little brown one as is here if you've a mind."

"That's mine!" said Moggy quickly; "'tis my own as I brought wi' me. I've a likin' for't, and I mun keep it."

"Well, it stands to reason I mun ha' summat to drink out on," said Mrs. Lupton, speaking as energetically as was compatible with the necessity of keeping her chin still poised on the top of the hat. "I'm to be responsible for

a tay-pot o' some mak', an' a tay-pot mun be found."

"See you, Mrs. Lupton," retorted Mrs. Rimmer, "'tis to please you as I agreed to mak' this change, and if you go for to take my tay-pot off me I'll jest go my ways back again. I'm not a-goin' to be put upon all roads."

"There, take my tay-pot, Mrs. Lupton, do," cried Moggy eagerly. "It mak's beautiful tay, an' I'll reckon ye'll take good care on't. See, I'll take it over for ye—your hands is full."

"Well, 'tis a poor shabby little thing, but happen I can do wi't," assented Martha ungraciously; and with that she marched out followed by the two others.

"Dear, Mrs. Rimmer, wherever be you a-chivyin' me to?" inquired Martha, as the late proprietress of the little cottage pushed hastily past her in order to possess herself of sundry small objects which she feared the new-comer might at once annex. "Ye cushion's fast to the chair; ye mun-not carry that off."

"Raly, I'd think shame of actin' so havin'," groaned the other, who had dropped upon her knees beside the chair in question and was busily engaged in untying the string. "If 'tis fast to cheer, Mrs. Lupton, 'tis along o' my havin' teed it wi' my own hands. You've took off every single wan o' the cushions in your place. I mun ha' summat to sit on as well as yourself."

Martha was silenced for the moment, but the dispute broke out afresh over a pair of bellows, and waged hotly when a certain warming-pan came in question; in fact, had not Mrs. Rimmer reiterated her intention of renouncing the new plan, Martha would never have withdrawn her claim. As it was, the belligerents parted with flushed faces and wrathful hearts, each firmly convinced that she had had the worst of the bargain.

As the doorways of each pair of

houses were situated side by side under a single whitewashed porch, the position of Martha's new room was naturally the reverse of that which the old one occupied. When seated in her chair betwixt window and fire she looked down the street instead of up; and moreover the sun came into her eyes. She felt, as she subsequently expressed it, as if everything was left-handed like, and she was always putting the wrong foot foremost. Then her cushions did not seem to fit the chairs; her hearthrug would not lie smooth, for the tiles beneath were uneven; her doormat, she opined, "would be like to fade wi' the sun lyin' on it that hot."

She was still fidgeting about her new premises and grumbling to herself over the disgraceful way in which Mrs. Rimmer had tried to overreach her, when a heavy clogged foot was heard hammering over the cobble-stones, and in another moment a tall woman's figure halted on the threshold.

"Hullo!" cried Mary Makin in amazement. "Whatever's to-do here? Wheer's Mrs. Rimmer?"

Martha hesitated; in the excitement of making the transfer both parties had momentarily forgotten the third partner in the transaction. Mrs. Lupton suddenly felt it would be a little awkward to explain matters, for the reason of the exchange had mainly been the fact of Mary's being "out o' the road all day."

"Hoo've gone next door, my dear," she returned, however, with a brisk assumption of geniality. "Ah, that's wheer hoo's gone to. Hoo've took a fancy for livin' wi' Moggy, d'ye see, and I'd reckoned I'd jest so soon bide here wi' you."

"Ah," returned Mary Makin indifferently, "ye'll both be like to get into trouble, won't ye?"

"Dear, no, Miss Makin," replied Martha with her most dignified air—

"'tis all agreed; I've been to ask permission."

"Sombry met ha' axed mine, I doubt," said Mary in rather an offended tone; "but 'tis all same to me who lives here. I don't see mich on 'em."

"No, to be sure," agreed Martha, much relieved. "Ye'll take off clog outside, wunnot ye?"

"I'll do nought o' the kind," responded Miss Makin with spirit. "I'm not a-goin' to be ordered about in my own house. I'll take 'em off same as I've always done."

And with that—oh, horrible desecration!—she not only planted one large clog, decidedly in need of wiping, in the very centre of Martha's doormat, but proceeded to clump across the floor which Mrs. Lupton had just raddled, and to take up her position on the hearthrug itself.

"Here! Look out—mind wheer you'm goin', woman!" cried the indignant Martha, shocked out of all her previous caution. "They things isn't meant to be trod on—ye met see that for yoursel' if ye had e'en in your head. I reckon ye've done for that hearthrug—an' jest look what a mess ye've made on clean floor. 'Tis easy seen you're not used to dacent ways."

Mary contemptuously kicked the hearthrug out of the way. "I don't think nought at all o' slich trumpery things," she cried, "all made o' tags and rags. Wheer's we're own hearthrug?"

"Mrs. Rimmer took it wi' her," returned Martha, not ill-pleased to draw down the new-comer's wrath on that recreant one.

"I'll soon have it back, then, if that's all," retorted Miss Makin; and out of the house she marched, every step leaving a muddy impression, and hammered vigorously on the neighboring door.

Martha remained by her own fireside, groaning and shaking, not only with

anger, but with a kind of fear—an entirely novel sensation. Never in all her life had she found anyone to "stand up to her" before; and now, not only was Mary determined to stand up to her, but was evidently—so she owned to herself with a sinking heart—quite ready to trample on her, if need be.

After a moment's fierce altercation Miss Makin returned, triumphantly carrying a mat, of the kind common in cottages, which she proceeded to spread in front of the fire; then, catching up Martha's treasured handiwork, turned with it towards the door.

"Wheer are ye fur?" inquired Martha, with trembling tones.

"Folks next door mun ha' summat to set afore fire," returned Mary laconically.

"Yon's mine!" shrieked Martha.

"Well, then, mak' up your mind and tak' your ch'ice," returned Miss Makin resolutely. "If ye leave it here I'll stand on't."

Either alternative seemed dreadful, and while Martha was lamenting and hesitating, Mary, who was a person of prompt action, clumped out of the cottage and threw the precious object in at her neighbor's door, which she then slammed to.

"Now, let's hear no more on't," she observed decidedly. "You've come to live in this 'ere house without a 'by-your-leave' or 'wi-your-leave' to me. I'm not much a-whoam, but when I am I'll thank ye to keep a civil tongue i' your head, Mrs. Lupton. I work hard all day, and I'll have peace and comfort o' neets. So now ye know, an' mun act accordin'."

Mary looked so big and masterful, as she stood there with her muddy feet firmly planted on the shabby rug, her expression was so fierce and her voice so loud, that, though several retorts rose to Martha's lips, she forbore to utter them, and sat down instead, suddenly and quite meekly.

Her new life had begun not very auspiciously, and her heart sank lower and lower as the days passed. Mary Makin was quite willing to accomplish a due share of work, provided she was allowed to set about it in her own way. For instance, she made no difficulty about drawing a bucket of water in the morning, but violently resented any hints about carrying it carefully and avoiding letting it "swill over." She would clean the grate, but in so noisy and careless a fashion that it was less trouble to Martha to undertake the job herself than to "clean up" after her. The older woman, in fact, soon got into the way of doing everything herself, and Mary, whom she had perhaps hoped to shame by such a course, merely laughed and said, "Please yo'rself an' you'll please me. I don't want to be bothered."

Mary, in fact, "wouldn't be talked to by nobody"; she came and went as she chose, and would just as soon see the house dirty as clean. It was this which Mrs. Lupton found most lacerating to her feelings. She wouldn't have minded the work so much, though it did seem a bit hard and unfair; but that Mary didn't appreciate the result of her labors—flesh and blood could scarce thooal that. She had mussed and crumpled her beautiful new coverlet till Martha, in high dudgeon, had removed it from her bed; she would have made the doormat a sight with mud and dirt if its owner had not prudently laid it by and replaced it with a piece of sacking, which was not only an eyesore, but a very inefficient protection to the floor. As for the way she rumbled the cushions, as Martha frequently lamented, "Hoo was war' nor any mon!"

It was true that the discomfort caused by Mary's presence only endured for a few hours out of the twenty-four; but even in her absence the time did not seem to pass very

pleasantly. What was the good of making the place clean when a body knew it would be all "mucked about" at nightfall? As for going on with the carpet, could Martha ever hope to put it down in that house? Often, as she sat stitching by herself with her back to the window, for the light hurt her eyes, she would find her thoughts wandering to the hours she had spent in the company of Moggy, who was always so pleasant spoke. How she had admired the patchwork, to be sure! She had taken thought on't and been proud on't. A body might say a word to Moggy without putting her into a fury. Moggy didn't snore o' neets, neither.

"I doubt I were a bit too 'ard on her," reflected Martha many a time.

One day Mrs. Rimmer looked in.

"I reckon you're 'appy now, Mrs. Lupton," she remarked. "Dear o' me, this is a nice little place, isn't it? I can never seem to settle so well next door. Well, ye've got it all your own way now, haven't ye?"

"Ah! I have," agreed Martha, without enthusiasm. "How's Moggy? I think hoo met ha' taken the trouble to look in. 'Tis very ill done o' her to keep away all this time, arter her an' me lived together sich a many year."

"Eh! I reckon hoo thought you'd fancy her room more nor her company," retorted the other, with a laugh. "Hoo is but a poor owd dunderhead at best o' times."

"Onybody's better nor nobry, I reckon."

The words had no sooner leaped out of Martha's lips than she repented of them; indeed, she stopped short with such a startled face as might have proved to a keen-witted observer that the sentiment they expressed was a kind of revelation to herself; but Mrs. Rimmer was not given to these niceties of observation, and merely clapped her hands with a crow of laughter.

"Eh dear!" she exclaimed; "that's summat new! I never thought to hear you say so."

"Eh, I nobbut meant to say," returned Martha, correcting herself with dignity, "'t 'ud nobbut be manners to coom and ax how I felt mysel', and how the change was agreein' wi' me."

"Well, 'tisn't for want o' thinkin' on ye, then," returned the visitor. "'Tis fair molderin' the way hoo goes on about ye—wonderin' this and wonderin' that. Hoo hasn't mich to say at best o' times, but when hoo does open mouth hoo does nothin' but clack, clack about yoursel'. Hoo fair molders me to death, whippin' up hearth-rug if I so mich as set foot nigh 't. 'Mrs. Lupton wouldn't like onybody to tread on 't,' says hoo. 'I think we ought to take the same care on 't as Mrs. Lupton would hersel'.'"

Martha's face relaxed. "Hoo's a well-meanin' poor creatur'," she observed condescendingly; "very well meanin'. But hoo met ha' dropped in to see me as how 'tis."

"I'll tell her," said Mrs. Rimmer, adding with a grin, "How are ye gettin' on wi' Mary?"

"Well enough," returned Mrs. Lupton shortly.

"Hoo's pratty stiff-necked, isn't hoo?" went on the other, with a chuckle. "Ye'll noan find it so easy to sauce Mary as poor Moggy yon."

Mrs. Lupton threaded her needle with great precision and made no reply; and Mrs. Rimmer backed away towards the door with a sarcastic smile.

"Seems to me yo don't find yoursel' changed for the better," she remarked as she turned to cross the threshold, and was gone before Martha could respond.

Before the latter had had time to recover from her wrathful perturbation a hesitating tap came at the open door,

and Moggy's stooped form insinuated itself round it.

"I heerd you was axin' for me," she began, advancing timidly.

"'Tis a wonder as ye let yoursel' be axed for," interrupted Mrs. Lupton with spirit. "You're a very great stranger, Moggy Gill."

"I was afeerd o' gettin' into your road," returned Moggy, so humbly that the other relented and smiled upon her quite affectionately.

"I'm fain to see ye as how 'tis," she said pleasantly. "You're lookin' very well."

"'Tis more nor I can say for you, Mrs. Lupton," returned the visitor, who had been staring at her former companion with an expression of much concern. "Eh, dear, you're sadly worsened. Eh, that you are, my dear! Whatever ha' you been doin' to yoursel'?"

"I dunno, I'm sure," replied Martha, thoughtfully pricking her face with her needle, "unless it's the hard work. Ye'd never think, Moggy, what work I have cleanin' up arter Mary. Hoo makes more dirt nor a mon, that hoo does," cried Martha energetically. "If our Dicky had made one-half the mess hoo does when he were wick I'd ha' taken besom to him."

"I doubt you would," agreed Moggy with conviction. "Well, but doesn't hoo do her share o' readyin' up th' place?"

"I'd sooner do it mysel'," replied Mrs. Lupton, lowering her voice. "Hoo does it so ill to begin wi', and hoo's got sich a tongue—I'm fair fretted of her. I tell you, Moggy, I'd sooner meet a boggart ony day, nor Mary in one of her tantrums."

Moggy sat aghast, feeling as though the earth were crumbling beneath her feet. Mrs. Lupton afeard!

"Well, but ye'll be killin' yoursel' this gate," she hazarded presently. "I'd reckon I'd best look in to-morrow mornin' and gie you a bit of a hand."

Mrs. Lupton, soon as ever Mary's out o' the road."

"Nay, but you've got your own work to do," said Martha hesitatingly; the longing look on her face, however, belied her words, and Moggy went on eagerly:

"I could come easy—I could that. Mrs. Rimmer does a good bit hersel', and hoo's not so very particular——"

"I'm sorry to hear that," interrupted Mrs. Lupton severely, "I'm sorry to hear Mrs. Rimmer isn't particular. I doubt the place is but ill-done to, now, sin' I left it. I doubt I shouldn't know it again."

"Very like you wouldn't," agreed Moggy shamefacedly.

"Well," resumed Mrs. Lupton loftily, "'t'd happen be just so well if you *would* look in to-morrow, Moggy—I could put you in the way o' things again—I reckon you'll be forgettin' all as I learnt ye wi' so mich trouble."

"Oh, no, I'll not forget, Mrs. Lupton," returned Moggy with an ingratiating smile, "I wouldn't be sich a ninny as to forget—but I'll coom as how 'tis. I could welly cry to see how wummicky you do look."

Come she did on the following morning, and to work she set, with as much good will and as little discrimination as ever. To Martha's credit be it said that she was quite tolerant of her shortcomings, and beyond an occasional "Well to be sure!" and "Did a body ever see the like!" when Moggy made a particularly stupid mistake, did not reprimand her at all.

Indeed, at the end of Moggy's labors, she showed such real pleasure and gratitude at the results that the little old woman was quite overcome.

"Don't name it, Mrs. Lupton, my dear," she cried, shaking her warmly by the hand, "'tis a real pleasure—eh, that it is. I'd think nothin' at all o' poppin' in every day to do the same—and I will too. Now do let's set out

doormat and tablecloth and all, same as in th' owd times. I can't abide to see th' place wi'out 'em."

Martha needed very little pressing to comply with this request, and smiled benignly as Moggy's admiration broke forth.

"Eh, dear, but it do look pratty! Our place, you, dunnot look the same wi'out 'em. I can scarce fancy it *is* the same. I used to feel so proud lookin' about me of an afternoon when I was sat at my knittin'."

"Well then, if that's all," returned Martha condescendingly, "you'd be very welcome to come and set here at arter dinner, and bring your knittin' wi' you."

"I will," agreed Moggy joyfully; "dear, 'tis quite a while since I did any knittin'! Mrs. Rimmer, hoo don't seem to take to the needlework mich. Well, I'll coom."

After dinner she reappeared accordingly, and for many subsequent days this mode of procedure continued. Mrs. Rimmer made no objection at first; but as day after day Moggy "popped next door to lend a hand to poor Mrs. Lupton," or "jest nipped in" for an hour or two with her knitting, she grew first sarcastic, and then indignant.

"I tell ye what it is," she cried, bursting in upon the pair one afternoon as they sat contentedly opposite each other, busy each with her own piece of work. "I tell ye what 'tis, ye'd ha' showed a deal more sense if ye hadn't axed me to change houses at all."

Martha looked up from her sewing in dignified surprise.

"Eh, dear, Mrs. Rimmer, you give me quite a turn!" she exclaimed.

"Turn!" echoed Mrs. Rimmer, folding her arms at her waist and inflating her nostrils. "Talk o' turns! Ye'd best turn out o' this and let me turn in again, I reckon."

Martha dropped her patchwork and gasped; Moggy looked up mildly.

"What is it as has vexed ye?" she inquired.

"Vexed!" retorted Mrs. Rimmer. "Well, I'm not to say vexed, but I'm a deal surprised—a deal I am. You, as couldn't put up wi' each other when you was together, now ye must be for ever callin' out for each other! I'm sure Mrs. Lupton sees a deal more o' you, Moggy, nor I do."

"Did ye want me, then?" inquired Moggy, rising with as much alacrity as the stiffness of her joints would allow.

"Nay," returned Mrs. Rimmer, in a somewhat mollified tone, "I don't want ye—not particular I don't; I only say there's no sense in't. If you howd so much to one another's company, why did ye give over livin' together? Why don't ye live together now?" she added with increasing vehemence. "Why don't ye change back, Mrs. Lupton?"

Martha and Moggy looked at each other, the same eager query in the eyes of both. Mrs. Rimmer intercepted the

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glance, and, being in the main a good-natured woman, burst out laughing.

"Well, to be sure!" she cried as soon as she could speak. "Eh, dear! Well I never! Well, fetch back your things, Mrs. Lupton, and I'll fetch back mine."

"Are ye sure ye don't mind?" inquired Moggy politely.

"Mind? Why, not a bit, lass. I allus liked this house best, and I reckon I'll see jest as mitch o' you as I do now. You'll be more like to mind arter a bit," she added feelingly.

"I can mak' mysel' very well content wi' Mrs. Lupton," asserted Moggy stoutly; "very well I can—her an' me was al'ays thick, and I—I don't know the reason on't, but I don't seem able to get into onybody else's ways."

As Mrs. Rimmer vanished, still laughing, Martha turned quickly to her old crony.

"Eh, thank ye for that word, Moggy. If you can content yoursel' wi' me I can do wi' you. Eh, that I can. I don't ax for no better company. I've missed ye awful."

M. E. Francis.

THE PASSING SHOW.

The comprehensive subject of Past and Present has been treated by Carlyle in his masterly style exclusively from the human point of view, with the natural limitations of the deep and earnest philosopher whose proper study is mankind and not its insignificant belongings. It is true that in "Sartor Resartus" he deals with metaphorical clothes old and new; but as a rule the significance of old lumber, old furniture, even of old houses, the empty shells on the shore of the sea of life, does not seem to have appealed to his imagination. In a certain sense Past

and Present is in all cases too limited a purview; the present is really nothing more than the flashing instant uniting the Past and the Future; it can have no history or actual associations as it has no separate existence. In reality we can only compare the Past, of which we know so little, with the Future of which we know nothing, supplementing our want of knowledge by as much imagination as we can command, subject to its being able to stand the test of probability.

We cannot all be Carlyles,—which from one point of view is not to be

regretted; but even observers of a much more modest calibre can feel the melancholy aspect of old castles and ruins, the mingled pathos and humor of old curiosity shops and second-hand emporiums. It is a regrettable fact that our belongings, our movable property, the inanimate things that in a measure make our life what it is, should last so much longer than we do. This watch of mine will some day tick in a strange waistcoat-pocket; after many successive owners have wound it up, when it can go no longer, when there are perhaps no more waistcoats, it may find its way to a museum of the future, say in the twenty-fifth century, labelled *Timekeeper of the Victorian Age*; and some bright girl of the period may in passing remark: "What funny people they must have been to carry such queer things!"

So far as our personal belongings are concerned, we must submit to be pitied by our descendants. There is no help for that; but we could assure the young lady of the future that we are not so very funny, that at all events we are not aware of the fact, and take life seriously enough. Though we cannot make for ourselves the slightest idea of what she herself will be like in dress, customs, and manners, we can assure her we were people very much like herself, and in some respects perhaps better. Our views of life and of its earthly future may be wrong, but it is to be feared that much of what now makes life still bearable will be squeezed out of it in her time. Ten to one she will have eaten a municipal breakfast, not of her own choosing, before she came to the museum to study there by order of the city authorities; or she will presently return to a municipal lunch, selected, ordered, and prepared for her by the State as being the best for her digestion. It may not be much to boast of, but thank goodness we still eat and drink what we

like. It will remain on record that we had still some remnants of individuality left in us when this queer-looking timekeeper was ticking in our pocket; and the young lady with her flying and walking appliances, State Communism, artificial food, machine-made atmosphere, and what not, may not be any the happier for having some electrical contrivance to tell her the time without looking. She is growing taller day by day,—this we already know; by careful training and selection she may come to be seven feet high, if there be any advantage in that. More beautiful than the young women of the twentieth century she cannot be, though she may know to a fraction how many red corpuscles go to the surface inch of her delicate complexion, the weight and force of the sunrays that fall on her pretty head, the number of long silken hairs on it, and sundry other lively bits of knowledge that may make her life so happy and gay,—or the reverse, as may possibly be the case.

Let us hope no young girl will make any such slighting and flippant remark on what may be left of our property after so many years; but we have ourselves been guilty of the same thoughtless and mistaken criticism, in museums and other places of antiquarian interest. I remember only last summer seeing an ancient head-piece in a pawnbroker's shop in Derby town,—a sort of helmet, a morion, I think they called it—and wondering what a queer and ignorant head must once have been inside that iron pot, what its owner would have said of the vast establishments of the Midland Railway hard by, and what his thoughts would be if he could see his morion hanging there, labelled *Genuine, 4s. 6d., Cheap*. Of one thing we may be sure; the man to whom it belonged did not think the morion would ever be out of fashion.

It was genuine enough, no doubt, so

far as that goes, though one has heard of factories for the supply of genuine antiquities before now. Our own hats will make a sufficiently queer figure in the museum some day; let us hope they will be genuine and not a clever forgery, and looking at them now, impartially, one does not think it would be worth while. The young lady need not laugh when she comes to the hat-rack of the Victorian Age, for indeed we are by no means proud of our head-gear in the present day. Were it not that already now so much individual liberty is lost, many would prefer wearing the morion as perhaps more becoming, as cheap, too, and, though old, warranted to last some time yet, the more so as we are very careful of our heads nowadays, and iron coverings would last us longer than they did when they were in the fashion, and when the custom was to try to break them together with the head inside.

Neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. Bellamy, in their wonderful stories of the days to come, has told us of the surprise in store for him, should the dreamer, among the bewildering marvels of future ages, suddenly come upon a pair of his own boots, ticketed *Genuine*, at some incomprehensible sum of money. We shall never see such an extraordinary thing; but who shall say that as a plain matter of fact it will not be visible some day? This is an instance of the imagination that can stand the test of probability.

That helmet, as a remnant of barbarous and tumultuous days when such a protection was a necessity of daily life, tends to prove that we are slowly advancing towards an era of universal peace, towards the Millennium in fact. The tendency in this direction has not been very apparent lately, but the backsliding can only be for a time, for though appearances may be against us, we are progressing, —this is somehow the generally accept-

ed theory. Rousseau, to be sure, did not think so when he formulated his famous theory that Civilization is Retrogression; he would have drawn another lesson from that morion, would have looked at it in quite another light, so true it is that sermons of entirely contradictory tendencies can be preached from one and the same antique text. Rousseau is, however, at a considerable discount in our ultra optimistic days, though we do not really believe that our Present is already a satisfactory instalment of the perfection that is to come. We know very well that an earthly paradise was lost to us for good and all in the beginning, not to be regained or reconstructed by all the scientific discoveries and appliances in the world, and that our chances of again finding the way and of entering it once more, say on a motor car, are of the faintest. The unconscious progress of our race towards an unknown goal will remain a puzzle so long as the world lasts; and as we do not know where we are going, it is no wonder that we so often take the wrong turning.

Our descendants will not be able to moralize very much in this way on our dwellings; for these are too unsubstantial to last, and we of the present day cannot say in what direction the progress of house-building, as now understood, will affect them. Progress, as we consider it now, is in the lath and plaster line, the material limits of which would almost seem to have been reached. It may be in the power of future generations to make laths still thinner, plaster still more crumbling; or they may come to the rational conclusion that some ways of progress are undesirable, that this was one of the inevitable wrong turnings. They may prefer to live in huge substantial communistic dwellings, owned and erected by the State, each man in his own little stone cell like the animals that make

the coral reefs,—though that again would be a kind of progress looking remarkably like retrogression.

Taking a synthetic view of the human race from a great distance, it would appear that we belong to the class of creatures distinguished in Natural History by building themselves homes for families and colonies, like some of the Polyzoa; differing from the snails, hermit-crabs, and the like, who have a separate home for every individual. To the fanciful definition of Man as a cooking or laughing animal might very well be added that of being the animal which does not build its own house, but gets somebody else to build it for him. And starting from this proposition no one will deny the tremendous importance of the builder in our Social Economy, and the mistake of slighting this indispensable individual by applying to him the opprobrious epithet of jerry-builder, as if he did not follow his instinct as conscientiously as the beaver or the bird. Beavers build strongly and lastingly because the conditions of the race demand it. Birds construct only for a season; and Jerry builds for a few years only because his instinct tells him that the human individual soon gets tired of things and will be asking for a new house.

The moment such a new house is finished, a human family comes to look at it and takes possession. But we are an orderly and law-abiding race, and cannot invade the premises (as does the hermit-crab) without some formalities in which another individual, the house-agent to wit, plays his part, again strictly according to his nature and his inherited instinct. One would hardly believe it possible that such ingrained, enviable optimism could exist, but everything looks rose-colored in an estate-agent's eyes; he would have described the pillar of Saint Simeon Stylites as a compact, eligible, and not

overlooked residence in a quiet neighborhood. Since nature has gifted him with this enviable quality, it is strange that when he wants a house for himself he manages to do such violence to that kindly instinct.

When Jerry builds you a house which he knows can never withstand the winds of adversity,—a rickety shell of a thing, built on the principle and somewhat after the form of a house of cards,—he takes a most expensive frieze or dado to the drawing-room, a frieze which seduces the lady; a monumental chimneypiece of many-colored marbles for the dining-room, which seduces the gentleman, and the trick is done. The agent spreads the golden glamour of his fertile imagination over it all,—and in three years' time you want another house. The new dwelling may possess all the solid advantages which the old one lacked; but you will never cease to regret that wonderful mantelpiece and that lovely frieze.

All this is unavoidable; we cannot go against nature, and nature has created the agent, the builder, and the tenant on immovable lines of evolution. Of course there may be what naturalists call *sports*. Wendell Holmes has told us of a sailor in New England who built a house for himself entirely with his own hands. Fearfully out of the perpendicular it was, clumsy and rough to a degree; but fancy the delight of the man when his laborious task was ended! It was all his very own, every stone, every window and every plank the result of his own handiwork; and not for a moment did the thought occur to him that he was a monster, a sport, a man who in his own small way had done as much as man can do to fly in the face of Providence, a would-be disturber of a well-regulated Cosmos.

This high view, we can have no doubt whatever, was entertained concerning this man's doings by the prop-

er constitutional builders of New England; but whether they were aware of the intricate cosmic and scientific reasons they had for their objections, must be more than doubtful, the Jerries of this world not being burdened with more scientific understanding than they can reasonably bear. Men of action are not usually men of thought.

What we can gather from the dwellings of our forefathers that have been preserved for us is that they were wonderfully strong and noble piles, though singularly uncomfortable to live in according to our modern ideas of comfort. The massive, crenelated walls of Haddon Hall, which I saw with the impression of that morion still strong upon me, carry one back in spirit to those lawless, tumultuous days. The very owner of that helmet has perhaps tried to scale them, lies perhaps deep under the surface of the wide castle moat. With its mysterious moss-grown terraces, flanked by old, gnarled, grey-stemmed trees, it is a strangely realistic and living remainder of feudal times. The hall, the wide oaken stairs, the prison, the Eagle Tower, every stone and each detail suggest power, greatness, durability,—and where is it all? This is no ruined castle open to the winds of heaven, only to be reconstructed by archaeological learning and a fanciful imagination; it is, on the contrary, as if a wizard with magic wand had called forth from the shadowy past a castle of the Middle Ages, complete as it stood. That is the haunting impression it conveys, as if the wanderer in its deserted halls were under an enchanter's spell. If this feudal keep, with its tapestries, its stately beds still decked with green and white velvet and satin, be a reality, what then was the ghost-like, evanescent procession of phantom nobles and ladies that haunted this concrete reality once upon a time! The sensation

this forcible juxtaposition of the Present and the Past gives us is not quite a pleasant one. The dead might well bury their dead; this old baronial hall is dead, and should have disappeared together with its dead and gone owners, for it is now of the nature of a *memento mori*, recalling too vividly to a workday world how shadowy and dreamlike our life really is; though we cannot deny, no more than we can explain, the exquisite beauty we see in this ancient home of a proud race, in this wonderful shell left on the sands by the retreating waters of life. But sit by the side of the little postern gate adjoining the meadow, alone; look up at the wall from the top of which arrows and bullets and firebrands may have fallen on besieging foes,—how still it all is! How very faint and far away the echoes of the stress and strife of the ages gone by! Hear the trees, overshadowing the proud motto *Ware the Vernon!* rustle and speak in whispers in the evening breeze,—a sound always suggestive and full of melancholy meaning—and you will leave the ancient home of the Vernons with a curiously mixed feeling, with a certain undefinable, uneasy sense of discomfort to the mind.

They tell you that Mrs. Radcliffe frequently passed silent nights, alone, in Haddon Hall, for the sake of romantic inspiration when writing "*The Mysteries of Udolpho*." It is a privilege that cannot in the nature of the thing appeal or be granted to everyone who cannot honestly say he is writing the *Mysteries of Anybody* in particular; but if anyone should be so old-fashioned as to write *Mysteries* now, he might do worse than apply for a night's lodging here. The strangely unfamiliar surroundings, the ghostlike associations, the tapestries waving to and fro in the draught caused by the night breeze, the fitful moonlight streaming through latticed windows and lighting

up unexpected grotesque carvings or ancient portraits, with an occasional dog howling on the hillside,—there surely would be enough, and more than enough, for the conception of the ghastliest Mysteries.

Many whose own mysteries are quite enough for them may have forgotten this no doubt remarkable work, may not remember who this Udolpho was. Perhaps this gentleman from Italy was haunted;—what of that? We are all of us haunted, by the Future and by the Past. I myself have been haunted by the ghosts of all the Vernons that have passed in succession through those echoing rooms and passages: whose eyes have gazed at those tapestries with their Acteons and Dianas as we have gazed at them; who danced and made love and made merry, passing and vanishing ghosts as they were. *Woe the Vernon!* Were they about me, curiously wondering at me as I did about them? We are but flitting ghosts ourselves, passing like shadows, haunting this old mansion to-day in spirit, as we visit the museum of the future. No mystery that confronted Udolpho can for a moment be compared with the great mystery of the sea of life, on the shore of which this old castle is left stranded.

There is very little romance left in our prosaic days; and yet, rightly considered, what else is there that makes life worth living? An hour of sunshine is followed by a day of rain; only in the ideal, in the fantastic if you like, in romance, in poetry and art, do we find the everlasting sunshine we all crave for. It must be evident that it can only be romance which gives beauty and interest to such relics of former days, an interest which is clearly and exclusively subjective, not objective in the least; for this pile of stones, if it should be nothing else, is not even symmetrically arranged and answers to no canon of premeditated

art; if it had no history or associations, no ideal atmosphere in the mind, it would be swept away to-morrow as so much rubbish, as a useless thing of no value that cumber the earth. And if now already the deadening influence of facts, figures, and statistics is so strong that rather than hear about Dorothy Vernon who eloped through that same little postern gate (we are confidently told that Dorothy never eloped at all!), we greatly prefer to know the precise height in feet and inches of the Eagle Tower, the number of stones in the walls, the exact tale of steps, and the cubic measurement of the enormous kitchens,—how hopelessly colorless and prosaically statistical will the Future be! What progress can be looked for in this direction, and what more is left for the young lady that is to come? The smallest item of fact to-day is registered for our information as if only in facts could there be salvation. The tallest chimney in the world (with illustrations); the smallest house in England (with illustrations); the fastest railway in the United Kingdom, the number of bricks used in the building of Buckingham Palace, what more in the way of informative fact will be left for future generations to read about? Will they always anxiously study and consider the exact number of pieces and fragments of which a Stradivarius is composed, without caring to hear the soft music that makes us dream of things beyond our ken?

Is there then no balm in Gilead? There is. Whisper it not in Gath, but that now imaginary but one day to be real young lady of flesh and blood, is just as likely to elope as Dorothy Vernon for a certainty did, as some very nice girls may be trying to do this very day. It is an irregular proceeding, not to be openly countenanced, but a vein of irregularity will and must run through the best regulated human fam-

ily if we are to remain human at all. This may be looked upon as the link which happily unites the Past and the Future, which gives us a fellow-feeling for our rude forefathers, and makes us hope that the future will perhaps

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not be entirely without romance, and will not perhaps be altogether so black as it is sometimes painted. So long as there are Dorothy Vernons with laughing eyes and loving hearts in the land, romance will never be far away.

Marcus Reed.

CHARLES DICKENS'S RELIGION.

It may be said at once by some that the religion of a man, even though he be dead, is a matter sacred to himself and to those yet surviving to whom he was most near and dear; and it may be said by others that there is no reason why any words about Charles Dickens's religious views should be of any use to-day. It seems to one person, however—and the same thought may be shared by others—that at a time when much is being said about education and religion, and the meaning of the words "religious education," it may be of some service to set forth what religion meant to so unbiassed, unprejudiced a mind as that of Dickens. He is not here and now being considered as a writer, a humorist, a plot-maker, but merely as a man who won in his day great popularity (by no unworthy means), had many friends while he was living and has many admirers now that he is dead, and who will be allowed by all, even by those who do not love his pathos, to have promoted kindly feeling among people and to have left the world in some ways better than he found it. If cleanliness of word and thought is one of the signs of "pure and undefiled religion," as some think, it must be granted that this sign appears in all his books. Thackeray was giving utterance to what many other parents must have felt before and since he spoke when he thanked Charles Dickens for

the "unsullied page" of "David Copperfield."

Dickens, possibly, was not what would be called a decidedly "religious" man. He may not have had a passion for Church services and sermons, he may have had no great liking for the Athanasian Creed as a thing to be said by simple yokels or chanted by little boys in surplices, but religion was for him a very real thing. He had a creed that might be called a useful and a "working" creed, a handy thing for a man of so busy and so strenuous a life. It is not the intention of the writer of these lines to criticise the lovers of what may be called minute points of ritual and complicated creeds, but it is intended to put in a plea for the usefulness and beauty of a religion which is simple. Educationists, whether interested in Church schools or in others, cannot in their hearts be very proud of the results of education during the past thirty years, whether those results are judged by the deeds of many youths or by what may be called the general conversation of the streets that assaults the ears of passers-by. It is not the talk of "loafers" that is here spoken of, but the talk of many who are known as "working men." The talk is often blasphemous or filthy, or it may be both; the words, probably, are "idle" words, the speakers not caring or realizing what they say. This

parson is not a pulpit, and the fact, for fact it is, is here brought forward to suggest that such conversation is not, either from an intellectual or moral point of view, a satisfactory result of the education, religious and otherwise, that has been talked of and been practised for the last thirty years.

Ideas as to the nature of Charles Dickens's religious views may be gathered doubtless from his books, but his own statements in letters to his friends may be more certain guides. Writing in 1841 to a Dissenting minister, he says, with the liberality of view which would be natural to him: "There are more roads to heaven, I am inclined to think, than any sect believes; but there can be none which have not these flowers [detestation of cruelty, &c.] garnishing the way." Writing in the same year to a bereaved man, he observes: "You have already all the comfort that I could lay before you; all, I hope, that the affectionate spirit of your brother, now in happiness, can shed into your soul." "Try, do try," he says in the same year to another mourner, "to think that they have but preceded you to happiness, and will meet you with joy in heaven." If Dickens was not devoted to the English Church, he did not for that reason love Nonconformists merely because they did not love the Church. One letter gives an account of a meeting at a funeral with a minister who may have sat unconsciously for a photograph of Mr. Chadband. This preacher said of a certain statement: "It is false, incorrect, unchristian, in a manner blasphemous, and in all respects contemptible. Let us pray." Such remarks might have been made by Mr. Chadband.

On the other hand, in a letter to Mr. Macvey Napier written in 1843, Dickens showed no fondness for what may

be called Church schools:—"Would it meet the purposes of the Review [the *Edinburgh*] to come out strongly against any system of education based exclusively on the principles of the Established Church? If it would, I should like to show why such a thing as the Church Catechism is wholly inapplicable to the state of ignorance that now prevails; and why no system but one, so general in great religious principles as to include all creeds, can meet the wants and understandings of the dangerous classes of society." After some remarks about the "ragged schools," he adds:—"I could show these people in a state so miserable and so neglected, that their very nature rebels against the simplest religion, and that to convey to them the faintest outlines of any system of distinction between right and wrong is in itself a giant's task, before which mysteries and squabbles for forms *must* give way. Would this be too much for the Review?"

Turning back for a moment to his views about the other world, we find him in 1835, after referring to "A Journey from this World to the Next," comforting a mother with these words:—"With no effort of the fancy, with nothing to undo, you will always be able to think of the pretty creature you have lost, *as a child* in heaven." Certain Blue-books of great interest have lately brought before the notice of all England the principles and practice of education in America; from Baltimore Charles Dickens wrote in 1842:—"I am disappointed. This is not the republic I came to see; this is not the republic of my imagination. I infinitely prefer a liberal monarchy—even with its sickening accompaniments of court circulars—to such a government as this. . . . In everything of which it has made a boast—excepting its education of the people and

its care for poor children [the italics are not in the original]—it sinks immeasurably below the level I had placed it upon."

That Dickens was not very fond of missionary societies is a fact that might be gathered from his placing "Jo" upon the steps of a building tenanted by such a society, whose officers had no work for Jo and such as Jo; but his ideas are clearly stated in a letter written in the course of 1852: "I am decidedly of opinion that the two works, the home and the foreign, are not conducted with an equal hand, and that the home claim is by far the stronger and the more pressing of the two." After insisting that education of all kinds should begin at home, and "on the utter removal of neglected and untaught childhood from its [i.e., England's] streets," he adds: "If it steadily persist in this work, working downward to the lowest, the travellers of all grades whom it sends abroad will be good, exemplary, practical missionaries, instead of undoers of what the best professed missionaries can do." Experience taught him that information was not always imparted in a seductive form, even when both the teacher and the taught were adults. Writing in 1854, he tells Frank Stone about a certain man "who has read every book that ever was written, and is a perfect gulf of information. Before exploding a mine of knowledge he has a habit of closing one eye and wrinkling up his nose, so that he seems perpetually to be taking aim at you and knocking you over with a terrific charge. Then he looks again, and takes another aim. So you are always on your back, with your legs in the air." That learned man has spiritual descendants in these days! It has been seen what was Dickens's theory about mission work: namely, that every Englishman going out into the world—es-

pecially to other countries—should carry Christianity with him, or, rather, in him.

It is interesting to see, then, what was the sort of equipment that he provided for his own children, so far as it is set forth in these letters. Writing in 1868 to one son who was about to start his undergraduate life at Cambridge, after giving excellent advice about the management of money, candor, debt, and reminding the son of the father's own hard work, Charles Dickens adds:—

"As your brothers have gone away one by one I have written to each of them what I am now going to write to you. You know that you have never been hampered with religious forms of restraint, and that with mere unmeaning forms I have no sympathy. But I most strongly and affectionately impress upon you the priceless value of the New Testament, and the study of that book as the one unfailing guide in life. Deeply respecting it, and bowing down before the character of our Saviour, as separated from the vain constructions and inventions of men, you cannot go very wrong, and will always preserve at heart a true spirit of veneration and humility. Similarly I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer every night and morning. These things have stood by me all through my life, and remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you and lovable by you when you were a mere baby."

The present writer has had the privilege, the great privilege, of reading that essence of the New Testament, so to call it, in its original MS.,—it never has been published, and it never will be so long as the wishes of its compiler are respected. A letter of the same tenor was written to a son who went abroad in 1868, and unless our memory is playing tricks,

Charles Dickens made in his last will and testament a like statement as to creed. It is possible that this

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collection of his views on education and religion may be of some interest and some use to-day.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.*

At Brussels in 1852 Dumas—I mean the elder Dumas, the prodigal, the prodigious,

The generous, the humane,
The seven-and-seventy times to be forgiven—

sat down to write his Memoirs. He had sought refuge there at the close of 1851, a time when various people for other reasons than his were exchanging Paris for Brussels. "Though not one of the victims of the *coup d'état* of December 2," says Mr. Davidson, a biographer not indeed wholly sympathetic, yet charitable, "he found consolation in classing himself with those who were: it was more glorious to be fleeing from an illegal tyrant than from legal creditors." He and his faithful secretary, Parfait, wrought together in an attic at the top of the house—73, Boulevard Waterloo. The date of Dumas' birth is July, 1802: the *Mémoires* bring down his story to 1832—just thirty years—and as originally published by Cadot they extended over twenty-two volumes. Nor does this even begin to give an idea of the labors of Parfait, who made no less than four copies of this and several other works—for Belgium, Germany, England, and America. It is estimated that Parfait copied out, in all, the amount of 400 volumes (Cadot's size); and for Parfait's master three beds were kept ready made, to be slum-

bered on in the intervals of the gigantic task.

And apart from its tale of work—and when all has been said and done, and all discount taken off, and something more than a generous rate of exchange allowed for the calumnies of *MM. "Eugène de Mirecourt" (né Jacquot) et Cie.*, there remains enough solid incontestable work to furnish a score of Industrious Apprentices with passes for the next world—apart from its tale of work done, what a life was this which gives Mr. Davidson's volume of 400 pages or so, with its manifest signs of careful study, the air of being but a *causerie*! It ought to be *banal* by this time to say that Dumas' life reads like one of his own novels, and like one of the best of them. Yet what else can be said, or what added but a few notes of exclamation? From the prefatory anecdotes of his father, a general of Bonaparte's, who would take his soldiers by the breeches and fling them over the palisades to an assault, down to the last page, where the great author falls like an ox in the furrow—*procumbit humi bos*—the story is an epic of strength and devours astonishment. To be sure, there is the carping moralist ready to prove that it all came to nothing, and, shutting his eyes to the gigantic children of Dumas' loins who walk the earth, to prove that the great riotous life was idly spent. It is told that Dumas left Paris for the last time taking with him a single gold piece, which he solemnly laid on the mantelpiece of his

* Alexandre Dumas (pere): His Life and Works. By Arthur F. Davidson, M. A. Westminster: A. Constable and Co., 1902.

room at Puys. Towards the end his eye wandered across the sick room to this coin, and pointing to it, he said to his son: "See there! Fifty years ago, when I came to Paris, I had one *louis* in my possession. Why am I accused of being a prodigal? I have preserved and possess it still—see, there it is!" This was Dumas' last jest, and your moralist takes it for deadly earnest. I am sorry to see that even Mr. Davidson, after writing of his hero sanely and with wit as well as justice throughout the volume, pays on the very last page of it unworthy toll to the tyrant Grundy. "That he was a great man in any proper sense of the term it would be silly to maintain: except for increasing the already ample means of relaxation he did nothing to benefit humanity at large, and to individuals his personal example can hardly have been other than harmful." Hoots, toots! what kind of talk is this? Has Mr. Davidson indeed found nothing but "relaxation" in the Valois and Musketeer trilogies, or in the *Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, which he so wisely commends? Has he been in no degree a learner from them? And to him have they been in no degree "enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue"—in the old sense of *virtus*—"a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honorable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity"? And in any case who, being mortal, shall pronounce that humanity's means of relaxation are "already ample"? And if they be, and if Dumas be but the amuser of men's idle hours, I must yet wonder what set Mr. Davidson upon writing this book. But he has written it, and shown that greatness was written all over this man, over his faults and his virtues alike. Therefore, I am driven to think that, coming to the end of his cup, Mr. Davidson has taken alarm

and poured out a late libation to appease that multitudinous god, the Common Fool. But I hope that in another edition he will "wipe it up and say no more about it."

The general excellence of Mr. Davidson's study can only be appreciated by those who know the difficulty of writing about Dumas; that is to say, by those who have tried it. The amount of reading required, though portentous, is but a trifle compared with the task of saying something new of this man. You are driven back again and again on some such phrase as Michelet's "He was one of the forces of Nature." And why? Because the elemental beggars all fine and subtle and exquisite writing at a stroke. The sounding cataract (let us say) haunts you like a passion, and small blame to it. But when you come to express yourself upon it, what can you say but "Oh!" or (if you wish to be literary) "Angels and ministers of grace defend us, that is a cataract!"? There is, in truth,—and I feel sure Mr. Davidson, of his experience, will uphold me—only one form of words for saying whatever you want to say about Dumas; and that is, "Who but Dumas could have done so-and-so?" You may make believe to vary it, saying, for example, "To none but Dumas could it have happened that—," or, "Of any other man we might find it difficult to believe that —," and so on; but to maintain these artifices and conceal them successfully over 400 octavo pages requires talent—and painstaking talent.

Not having 400 pages to cover, I can dispense with it and defy monotony. At the age of twenty or thereabouts Alexandre marched on Paris, from a notary's office at Crépy, taking with him a companion, one Paillet, who had been a fellow-clerk. Dumas had seven francs, Paillet twenty-eight. But Dumas had a gun and Paillet a horse.

Accordingly they rode and walked by turns, poached game by the road, and reached Paris laden with thirty francs' worth of hares and partridges, which the landlord of a hotel in the Rue des Vieux Augustins agreed to accept in lieu of cash. Who but Dumas, etc.? In 1827 or 1828, having written his drama *Christine*, he was ambitious enough to seek audience of the committee of the Theatre Français. He knew but one official of the theatre, the prompter; and the prompter assured him that his only chance lay in gaining the ear of Baron Taylor, the *commissaire du roi* of the Français. An introduction was obtained, and the Baron wrote naming a day for an interview, and an hour—seven in the morning. Dumas sat up all night to make sure of not being late, and arrived punctually with his MS. at the Baron's residence:

As he waited at the door, conscious of this crisis in his life and trembling with anxiety, he heard strange sounds from within—a dialogue it seemed, in which the dull monotone of one speaker was broken by loud and angry exclamations of the other. Entering, he found the solution of the mystery. Taylor, sitting in his bath, was being forced to listen to a tragedy on the classic subject of *Hecuba* by an author who, often frustrated, had at last timed his intrusion so strategically as to catch the Baron in this helpless position. Dumas was bidden with apologies to wait awhile in the adjoining bedroom, and he got the full benefit of hearing *Hecuba* dragging its slow length along while Taylor groaned, expostulated, and shivered in the cooling water. . . . At last it ended, the man departed, and the Baron sought refuge between the sheets. Dumas could not but feel the moment inauspicious, and he timidly offered to come again some other time. "By no means," said Taylor; "now you are here, let us have the play."

Dumas, the politician, dates from

1830, and is as wonderful as Dumas in any other rôle. The revolution of that year (it required a revolution to give him scope) took him by surprise, as, indeed, it surprised even the initiated. He had laid his plans for a trip to Algiers, and was about to start, when his friend Achille Comte came rushing into his room at eight in the morning with news of those Ordinances which, published in the *Moniteur*, threw all the fat in the fire. Dumas heard, and shouted to his servant: "Joseph, run round to the gunsmith's and bring back my gun, with 200 bullets, calibre 20." The gun was fetched. Dumas donned a sportsman's costume and descended to the streets. On his way he fell in with a medical student who seemed to think that his *tenue* might excite remark. "Pooh!" said Dumas, "I am merely out as a sportsman, not as a combatant." "Yes," said his new acquaintance, "but allow me to point out that the shooting season isn't open yet."

For Dumas' feats at the barricades, and for the *Iliad* of his expedition of Solssons, and the unparalleled feats he performed with an empty pistol, and his capture of the powder there by impudence as absolute as that of the Musketeers in the famous bastion of La Rochelle, the reader must be referred to Mr. Davidson's pages. The revolution let in the Duc d'Orléans, Louis Philippe—which was a disappointment to many; but Dumas fell on his feet, for he had already received one surrender from Louis Philippe. This had happened on the day before the production of his *Henri III.* at the Français. Unsummoned, and in defiance of etiquette, he had called on the Duc d'Orléans and demanded his attendance at the morrow's performance. The Duke, vastly amused, regretted that this would be impossible. "Impossible? Your Highness's reasons, pray!" was in effect the answer

of this unabashed young man. "Well, the fact is I have a large dinner at the Palais Royal to-morrow night—some twenty or thirty Princes and Princesses." "Might I humbly suggest to your Highness that *Henri III.* would be no bad entertainment to give to those exalted personages?" "But my dinner begins at six and the theatre at seven." "Then put back your dinner to five and the Français shall put forward the play to eight." The Duke made a last show of fight. "How," he asked, "can all my guests be accommodated in the three boxes to which I am entitled?" "That can be arranged; has, indeed, already been arranged. For at my request the authorities are reserving the grand circle, until I bring them news that your Highness consents to come." The Duke owned himself routed. Who but Dumas, etc.?

These and a hundred anecdotes as good are chronicled by Mr. Davidson, who has a pretty wit of his own and can fling off epigrams. He uses them discreetly, however, and does not allow them to distract our attention from the vast outlines of his subject; for these vast outlines are at once the all-important thing to remember of Dumas and the thing our generation

The Speaker.

is most in danger of forgetting—nay, finds it hard to conceive. We have to remember that the thunders of this man's popularity echoed across Europe; that when he travelled he excited rumor as might some Barnum's Show full of royal scandals; that while he labored in some garret of his disorderly house the populace outside waited for his largess of romance and filled the streets with the wildest stories of him; that, having devoured the novels, it flocked to cheer their heroes at the playhouse—even through a cholera scare, when other playhouses were empty, and the Odéon one night contained but one spectator, who insisted on seeing the performance through and was then indelicate enough to hiss it! We have our popular idols to-day; but what is their popularity beside Dumas's? Having answered this, we can proceed to ask how, in quantity alone, their work stands beside that unconscionable mass which in Mr. Davidson's exemplary bibliographical appendix covers some twenty-five pages. And, having answered this, we may begin to pit their admired masterpieces separately against the *Vicomte*, *Monte Christo*, *Anthony*, or *La Tour de Nesle*.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The date of the International Historical Congress at Rome has been fixed for April 2d to 9th, 1903, in order to prevent its interfering with the German Historical Congress which is to be held April 14th to 19th. It will therefore be possible for historical students to attend both gatherings.

The first volume of the Library Edition of Ruskin is promised for next spring. The poems will not be included

in this volume, as was at first planned, as it was found that to do so would make a volume of not fewer than a thousand pages. There will be no alteration in Mr. Ruskin's work as he left it, all additional matter being in the shape of appendices. The edition will contain a large number of unpublished plates, all of which were engraved during Mr. Ruskin's lifetime, most of them from his own drawings. The edition will comprise at least

thirty-two volumes; but these will not exhaust the amazing amount of manuscript of which Ruskin was the author, for there remain many volumes of diaries and note-books, which will be published later, not to mention hosts of letters, which would fill volumes more.

It is futile to lament that the late John Fiske's "New France and New England" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is not the book that it would have been if the author had lived to enlarge, rearrange and revise it, and with it to round out his important undertaking of a chain of histories extending from the discovery of America to the adoption of the Constitution. Fragmentary it necessarily is, but the fragments of so great a work by so skilled a hand are of more value than the completed work of a writer less endowed. Only the first two chapters, about one-fifth of the whole, had the benefit of the author's final revision. The third chapter he left nearly complete: the other seven are lectures, printed as Dr. Fiske delivered them. There is a break also in the continuity of the volume, chapters upon Salem witchcraft, and the "Great Awakening" being inserted between chapters upon "New France" and the story of Braddock's campaign. The book awakens conflicting emotions,—regret that the author did not live to complete it, and pleasure that so much of it was in a form to permit of publication.

In the four essays which make up the substantial volume called "Boston Days,"—"The City of Beautiful Ideals," "Concord and Its Famous Authors," "The Golden Age of Genius," and "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century,"—Lillian Whiting offers a collection of reminiscence, anecdote and description whose variety may be easily inferred from the simple statement that more than two hundred and fifty proper

names are indexed at its close. Miss Whiting's taste inclines her to appreciations rather than discriminations, and the relative space which she allots to the poets, artists, scholars, philanthropists and reformers, the lectureships, coteries, clubs and "movements" that have given the city its distinctive character, does not always correspond to the general estimate of their relative importance. But she has made an attractive and readable book, and her last chapter, in particular, presents to the stranger or new-comer a survey of the possibilities—musical, literary, educational and what-not—of life in present-day Boston, such as it would be hard to find in equal space elsewhere. Twenty full-page illustrations add to the interest of the book. Little, Brown & Co.

The old-fashioned reader who still clings to that out-of-date distinction between fact and fiction will be as much perplexed by "A Doomed Coronet" as he was by its predecessors, "The Martyrdom of an Empress" and "The Tribulations of a Princess." The lively writer still keeps up her incognito, and pours out page after page of highly seasoned and audacious gossip about courts and embassies, with initials and asterisks as guarantee of good faith. The present volume finds her married to her second husband, who is on a secret mission from the British government to the Khedive, and its first three hundred pages are occupied with reminiscences of Cairo during the period following Arabi Pasha's rebellion. Distance lends enchantment and suspicion is soothed. But when the scene shifts to America and the princely pair lose their princely fortunes and perforce earn their princely livings by clerking it in New York, the reader's incredulity is all up in arms again. But at least he cannot complain that he has been bored. Harper & Bros.

A BRETON LEGEND.

According to Breton tradition, Cape Finisterre, a barren and storm-swept headland on the northern coast, was the point from which the souls of the dead took passage for the Isles of the Blest. The voyage was tempestuous, and the entrance to the haven was shrouded by a dense and terrifying veil of mist.

Straining eyes towards a darkening west,

A sea full of pain and deep unrest,
And never a sign of the Isles of the Blest.

And on the morrow's morn there fell
A grievous mist on the ocean swell,
Black as the adamant gates of hell.

Whereat there rose a bitter wall:
"Back! Oh, guide through the merciless gale!

We may not pierce this awful veil.

"Not for us are the forest aisles,
The morning dews, and the sunset's smiles

On the fragrant slopes of the Blessed Isles."

But He at the helm drave steadily:
"Ye shall not faint nor fail," said He:
"For Mine are the souls that sail with Me.

"Only be strong and void of fear,
Make keen the eye and tense the ear;
Listen, and gaze, and the mist will clear."

And e'en as He spake the words fell true,

For the veil was cloven through and through

With flashes of opal, gold, and blue;

And the air grew warm and sweet and fine

With breath of roses and eglantine,
With balm of fir and spice of pine;

And the veil brake utterly, setting free
Beyond the pain and the mystery
That fairest haven where we would be.

Antonia Kennedy-Laurie Dickson.

Chambers's Journal.

WILD FLOWERS.

We grow where none but God,
Life's Gardener,
Upon the sterile sod
Bestows His care.

Our morn and evening dew—
The sacrament
That maketh all things new—
From heaven is sent:

And thither ne'er in vain,
We look for aid,
To find the punctual rain
Or sun or shade.

Appointed hour by hour
To every need,
Alike of parent flower
Or nursing seed;

Till, blossom-duty done,
With parting smile,
We vanish, one by one,
To sleep awhile.

John B. Tabb.

AT EVENTIDE.

At morn I saw the level plain
So rich and small beneath my feet,
A sapphire sea, without a stain,
And fields of golden-waving wheat;
Lingering, I said, "At noon I'll be
At peace by that sweet-scented tide.
How far, how fair my course shall be,
Before I come to the eventide!"
Where is it fled, that radiant plain?

I stumble now in miry ways;
Dark clouds drift landward, big with rain,
And lonely moors their summits raise.

On, on, with hurrying feet I range
And left and right in the dumb hill-side,

Grey valleys open, drear and strange;—
And so I come to the eventide!

Arthur Christopher Benson.

The Spectator.